

OCTOBER 1951

Nation's BUSINESS



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Nation's Business



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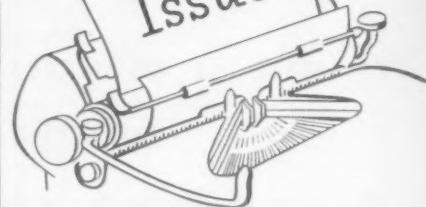
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About this Issue



WHAT some big name or the United Nations or Washington thinks about this or that issue is something we hear continually. Such opinions are important, of course. But the views of people in small towns and of young folk are important, too. Because this grass-roots thinking too often goes unreported, we asked **DONALD NORBERG**, editor of the Monroe County News, Albia, Iowa, to take a look at the nation's capital, at Europe, at A-bombs, at boys and girls, at his friends and neighbors and tell us what he saw.



Norberg has been associated with weekly newspapers since his graduation from high school in 1929—with three times out to work for the Government, one of them being a stint with the Navy as a combat correspondent on the U.S.S. *Intrepid*.

"Like the man who came to dinner," says Norberg, "I came to Albia after discharge from the Navy in 1946 to work for a month—have no plans now for voluntary departure.

"I was born in an Iowa coal mining camp that is now a ghost town. There I learned cat fishing and how to smoke corn silk wrapped in newspaper, my only formal education for journalism.

"My extracurricular activities are those which traditionally fall to country editors—serving as Red Cross chairman, making speeches and teaching Sunday School. As business manager of The Albia Newspapers and editor of the *News* I have varied duties—but I like editorial writing best."

IN TWO previous articles for **NATION'S BUSINESS**, **ARTHUR W. HEPNER** outlined many of the fiscal

woes that now beset state and municipal governments. This month he is back with an article showing how an increasingly popular practice—centralized purchasing—is helping many communities to get more from their local tax dollars.

Hepner is a former newspaperman, Nieman Fellow and London correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System. Right now he's devoting most of his time to writing for magazines.

ROBERT DAY, who drew the illustrations for the article on hotels, is considered one of the world's tallest cartoonists. He was born in San Bernardino, Calif., where he started growing immediately and reached the height of six feet six inches on his fifteenth birthday. He also had his first cartoon published in the same year when he won a Mutt and Jeff cartoon contest.



KILMER

Graduating from the Los Angeles public schools, Day worked in the art department of the Los Angeles *Times* and the Los Angeles *Examiner* while attending the Otis Art Institute. He came to New York in 1929 where he started in the business of free-lancing cartoons for magazines after serving the *Herald Tribune* as a Sunday artist for one year.

Day lives and works in Rockville Centre, Long Island, with his wife and two children, Estelle and Jimmy. Drawing at home he has difficulty trying to impress his children with the importance of his work. He hasn't been successful in this because Jimmy recently told his teacher—in response to the question what does your daddy do?—"He doesn't do anything. He just sits around the house and God gives him his ideas."

ONCE in a while we get all tangled up in names: Like the time we ran articles by three men named Williams in the same issue, one of whom, incidentally, has the same given name as Hollywood's Miss Garson. Now along comes **THAYER CULVER**, whose short story appears in this issue. Perhaps we should have known better than to address our



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correspondence to "Dear Mr. Culver." We didn't though.

It now turns out that "Mr. Culver" is a charming young woman, who got her yen for writing while working in California for the literary department of Music Corporation of America. That job led to three years of merchandising toys and clothing for Roy Rogers, King of the Cowboys. And recently she came east to work for Alan Jay Lerner, author of the Broadway hit "Brigadoon."

YOU'VE heard the old saying about too many cooks. Well, the same sort of thing can happen in the business world. An executive can find himself surrounded by so many advisers and consultants that he winds up paying for advice on how to do things he already knows how to do. And oddly enough the man often called in to unscramble such a mess is also a business counselor, Sheldon R. Coons.

How Coons, "The Man With the Answers," operates is told by **COLLIE SMALL**, a newcomer to NATION'S BUSINESS.

Small graduated from Stanford University 12 years ago and immediately went to work in San Francisco as a copy boy for the United Press. "At the end of a year," he recalls, "I was still a copy boy, but a happy one. Ultimately it was the UP that tired of the arrangement and made me a newsman. I then began jumping around considerably.

"The Great Conflict saw me put on the cable desk, and in 1942 I wound up in the UP's London bureau. Since the war I've worked about half in Europe and half in the United States, I guess, with both the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's*. I resigned from the latter about nine months ago to free-lance."

THE Government's housing goal for this year is 850,000 starts. From this, one can conclude that thousands of new



home owners will be meeting the problem of what to do about leaves. Some will undoubtedly let Nature settle it. Others will hire someone to do the job. But in most cases Papa will draw the assignment. And by the time that is done, as **GLEN FLEISCHMANN** suggests in this month's cover painting, Mama will have thought of something else.

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

WHAT DOES IT TAKE to make a boom?

Government is doing its part. Spending rate of more than \$60,000,000,-000 a year already is here.

Trend line shows rate soon will be closer to \$70,000,000,000.

In a single month (August—latest figures) Government pushed \$5,087,000,000 into the economy for goods, services.

That brought federal budget expenditures for five months through August up to \$24,300,000,000—nearly 57 per cent above the same five months in 1950.

Also brought—in-August—budget expenditures \$1,500,000,000 above budget receipts.

That's inflationary—except when consumers are doubling their savings rate. As they seem to be doing.

Which indicates Government can set the stage for a boom.

But consumers are temperamental, unpredictable when it comes to getting in on the act. Their income is \$21,000,-000,000 a month.

KEEP AN EYE on those government stockpiles when you're looking for the expected materials pinch. There's \$3,000,000,000 worth of raw materials in them.

Public pressure could ease the pinch, just as it softened credit controls a few months ago.

Government already has released some copper—and some other unidentified materials—from stockpiles to soften pinches.

MORE LIBERAL POLICY on allowable costs charged to government contracts by manufacturers is being outlined in Defense Department.

In general it would enable defense contractors to follow usual commercial practices in allocating to government contracts costs for—

General research, selling expense, advertising, contributions and donations, amortization of emergency facilities, some other items.

Restrictions on these charges, set up in controversial Section 15 of Defense Department regulations, apply now to nearly all contracts made for defense work.

Under new policy such restrictions

would be replaced by standards of "reasonableness."

Will take about six months for new rules to become effective—if they overcome strong opposition along the way.

First draft will be reviewed within Defense, then by industry advisory board.

Also must get approval of Munitions Board, Comptroller General Lindsay Warren. Sharp objection is expected from Warren, probably from Munitions.

HERE'S ANOTHER REASON why U. S. is producing both arms and butter and lots of spending power.

There were 64,382,000 persons in the labor force at summer's end—both employed and unemployed.

World War II labor force peak was 58,400,000. Came in July '42.

The difference—enlargement—is twice the number of persons now employed directly in defense program. That number is not expected to reach 3,500,000 until the end of '52.

Note: Size of armed services when labor force reached its World War II peak was 3,800,000—only slightly larger than present 3,500,000.

Size of labor force is not accurate yardstick of production. In last war it shrank while production expanded.

In July '43 it was 57,680,000. A year later it was 56,660,000. By mid-1945 it had dropped to 55,460,000.

Rising efficiency was one cause. Longer work week a more important one. During war years it started (in July '42) at 42.6 hours. In following years it climbed to 44.4, 44.6, then dropped to 44 in 1945.

In same month this year work week was 40.4, slightly shorter than year ago.

ROSIE THE RIVETER is back—with several million of her sisters.

And still more Rosies are looking for defense jobs.

More than 18,000,000 women are in today's labor force. Compares with 17,-632,000 a year ago, 17,298,000 in July, 1949. World War II top was 20,430,000 in July, '44.

There's oversupply of women applicants for production jobs—even in defense plant centers, Frieda S. Miller, Depart-

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

ment of Labor Women's Bureau director, finds.

This comes along with severe shortage of women in nursing, teaching, clerical, hotel, other "women's work" lines.

Forty per cent of the inquirers at U. S. Employment Service job-counseling centers are women, up from 29 per cent a year ago.

Why are so many women seeking jobs? Rise in the number of housewives anxious to enlarge family income, Miss Miller finds.

Why aren't they getting them? There's no over-all shortage of workers, except in specialized fields.

✓ DESPITE RISING SUPPORT for vastly expanded Air Force, plane production in near future is headed down—not up.

That's because aircraft production outruns accessory, engine output.

Bombers stand outside plane builders' plants, ready to go except for a tiny vacuum tube. Transports await engines or propellers. Fighters lack instruments.

"And if we get shipment of what's short today something else will hold us up tomorrow." That's outlook as one aircraft industry man sees it.

✓ STICK AROUND—better things are coming. If you can wait, within the next 50 years you'll see:

The atomic age passed, and industry using power from the sun.

Salt water converted cheaply into fresh water, with resulting fertile lands where deserts now lie.

A new era of synthetic fuels and other synthetics. Among them beer, wine and whisky.

These are the predictions of Dr. James Bryant Conant, president of Harvard University and one of the scientists who made the world's first atomic bomb.

And for good measure he added the opinion that there will be no World War III in this century.

✓ PROJECTING A TREND is dangerous—any department store man can tell that.

Six months after retail markets softened—but only to extent of failing to maintain expected rise—department stores find:

Inventories still more than 20 per

cent above year ago level. Orders for new merchandise off by 50 per cent.

Store-wide balance of inventory to sales in normal relationship still is a month or so away—at present rate of sales.

But stocks of hard goods—the "hard to get" items in wartime—will not be worked down until January. These account for major part of present inventories.

Unless there's an important change in rate of sales, retailers will not draw down inventories now in hands of distributors and manufacturers until well into 1952. At least one big electrical goods maker has chopped refrigerator production schedule through first quarter of '52.

We have said it before and we'll say it again and again and again—business thrives on turnover—not on difference between cost and selling price.

✓ ALL AT THE SAME time last month—

The world's largest oil refinery was shut down.

Fifty million vehicles on U. S. roads were using gasoline at record rate.

Shooting war was in progress.

And there was a gasoline price war in New Jersey.

Which means the U. S. had too much gasoline—at least in one place. And perhaps in more than one.

It also means Interior Secretary Oscar Chapman's plans for a \$400,000,000 government-sponsored gasoline-from-coal plant will run into tough opposition.

Petroleum Administration for Defense already has turned thumbs down on the Chapman venture on grounds that the same steel put into conventional plants would bring forth more petroleum products.

Addition to gasoline output would be fraction of one per cent of motor grades, less than two per cent of present aviation gasoline production.

Would take four years to put plant in operation.

So you may expect the plan's sponsors to stress importance of chemical by-products—in far shorter supply than gasoline. These include benzene, toluene, naphthalene, phenol, xylene, cresol, others.

✓ HOW BIG is a typical American family?

It's not made up of mother, father, and two children—according to Federal Reserve Board's 1951 survey of consumer finances.

Survey finds 62 per cent of U. S. families contain three or fewer persons.

Here's how survey defines "family":

MANAGEMENT'S

WASHINGTON LETTER

All persons living in same dwelling and related by blood, marriage or adoption. But also listed as family units are single persons living alone or with unrelated persons.

Twenty-nine per cent (largest group) of families are made up of two persons.

Next comes three-member families, 21 per cent. Nineteen per cent contain four members, and same percentage five or more. Single person units make up the other 12 per cent.

In the \$7,500 and over income group 29 per cent of the families have five or more members.

Twenty-seven per cent have four, 22 per cent have three, 21 have two. Only one per cent are single-member units.

Surveyors find that about 10,000,000 spending units had income of \$5,000 or more in 1950.

Of these the self-employed, managerial, professional and semiprofessional groups made up 42 per cent of the total.

Wage earners made up 45 per cent—a rise from 28 per cent in 1946.

WHERE'S YOUR market?

Few (if any) markets for goods stand still. They're shifting constantly, often because of indirect causes. Take sugar for example—

Just before World War II housewives comprised the nation's biggest sugar market. Industry used 28 per cent of the supply.

Today industry buys more than half of all the sugar sold in the U. S.

Why? Because the rapidly advancing food processing business is switching food preparation from home kitchens to factory-sized kitchens.

By-product result of this shift: Rising use of corn sweeteners. Housewives use sugar by habit, custom. It's what the recipes call for.

But professional food processors, more alert to costs, increase proportion of corn sweeteners in their mixes.

These now constitute slightly more than 20 per cent of all sweetener consumption—a 50 per cent rise (in their proportionate share of the market) in the last 12 years.

DON'T COUNT TOO heavily on military as a market.

Feeding, clothing, supplying armed service forces of 3,500,000 offers a tremendous market.

But not when it's compared to the needs and desires of the 52,000,000 U. S. males over 14 who are civilians.

For example: Announcement that Defense Department wants 31,000,000 yards of

cotton twill sounds like a big order.

It is—until it's compared to the industry's capacity. It can produce that much in less than two weeks.

LOOK CAREFULLY and you will see two price rises instead of one on new automobiles.

One is authorized by OPS for manufacturers and dealers. The other is less formal.

Latter rise comes in form of rollback—to the slimmer trade-in allowances prevailing when cars were hard to get.

Why this reversal of trend where there's no rush to buy new cars?

"Because we're handling fewer cars, and we've got to make money on every deal to come out right at the end of the month," explains one big dealer.

What about his competition? It's in the same fix doing the same thing.

BRIEFS: Watch out for those oblique effects. Eased credit may help sell big ticket items—but hurt clothing sales. . . . Slave labor note: Unions have won more than 44,000 union shop elections since August, '47. . . . U. S. railroads put 1,483 new locomotives in service during first seven months of '51—ten steam, two electric, the rest diesel. . . . You—through the Government—own 54 per cent of the land area in 11 western states. . . . A billion rise in currency in circulation brings present level to \$28,000,000,000—four times 1939's level. . . . Who's a farmer? Producers who till within New York City's limits market \$2,000,000 worth of truck garden produce, dairy products each year. . . . More than 17,000,000 persons are insured for hospital expense under individual policies of private insurance companies. . . .

Building restrictions bothering you? U. S. Government in Germany is completing \$9,000,000 housing project including beverage bar, restaurant, swimming pool, bar, bowling alley, billiard room, movie. . . . Unification note: Sixth Army (not the Air Force) awards contract to California civilian flight school to train Army aviators in instrument flight. They are called "Army aviators" to distinguish them from Air Force pilots.

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IN MY EFFORTS to get and remain cultured I follow the book reviews and advertisements and often read a new novel or some heftier volume that tells what is wrong with the world and how to cure it. I also study the portraits of authors when they accompany the reviews or advertisements.

The feminine ones are about what they have always been—as pretty as the average and sometimes prettier. But the male authors, and especially those who write fiction, alarm me.

When I studied literature, in school and college, novelists had beards and looked benevolent; or if they couldn't do both they chose benevolence. A little later they began to smoke pipes and look tweedy, but still one wouldn't be frightened if he met one of them in a dark alley.

Now they all look fierce. They can lean on their elbows and glower. They don't seem to like the world or the world's people and they don't care who knows it.

Their personal despair is only partially assuaged by their being on the best-seller list. I wonder if this fad will pass and the day will again come when a young man who has written a novel will also be able to crack a smile. I hope so. Dickens did, and a lot of others, not all forgotten.

Going places in a hurry

ACCORDING to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company a child born today has more chance of dying in an accident (and chiefly, I believe, an automobile accident) than of dying of pneumonia, influenza and tuberculosis. This shows, I should say, the good and the bad results when a nation sets out to get somewhere in a hurry: the doctors, working against time, get the death rate down; and the motorists, striving with all their might and main to get where they are going 30 seconds before they need to, turn a blind corner on the

wrong side and go sailing into eternity. I am glad the doctors have done so well. I wish the rest of us were one tenth of one percent as wise.



The scarecrow lingers

I NOTICED an old-fashioned scarecrow last week, near enough to New York to be able to commute if he had cared to. No doubt the tradition of having a scarecrow in one's corn patch lingers on in quite a number of places. I don't know whether this means that crows are so foolish they haven't learned in all these years that scarecrows can't hurt them, or that human beings are so unobservant that they haven't found out that crows aren't, and never were, scared of scarecrows—they only pretend to be when somebody is looking.

Enjoying bad weather

VIRTUALLY all of us are in favor of good weather and opposed to bad weather. Yet most of us, I believe, rather enjoy a record-breaking bit of bad weather—assuming that it does not damage persons or property. If I am suffering from the heat I like to feel that this is the hottest August such-and-such on record; if I am caught in a torrential downpour it is good to know that more rain fell during that half hour than during any comparable lapse of time in the history of Fairfield County, Conn.; if a blizzard blocks my drive it comforts me to have that blizzard compared on even terms with the big snow of 1888. It is only mediocre bad weather that I dislike; really bad bad weather is always interest-

ing and it is a matter of great satisfaction to take it in one's stride and live through it.

I'll take Chicago

NO DOUBT all of us have moments when we wish we had been born in some age of the world other than the present. How romantic, we think, ancient Athens or the Rome of the emperors must have been! Yet in either city during the so-called Golden Ages the average resident was a slave; if he were technically free he was looked down upon if he did any useful labor; he lived in houses or tenements worse than anything we have in this country today; he worked hard, fared poorly and died young. A few great men flourished—the writers, the sculptors, a statesman or two—and these we remember. As I was browsing in the classical section of the library I concluded I'd like to visit the Rome of Augustus or the Athens of Pericles but if I had to settle down permanently I'd take 1951 or thereabouts and New York, Chicago or any other American city a person cares to name.

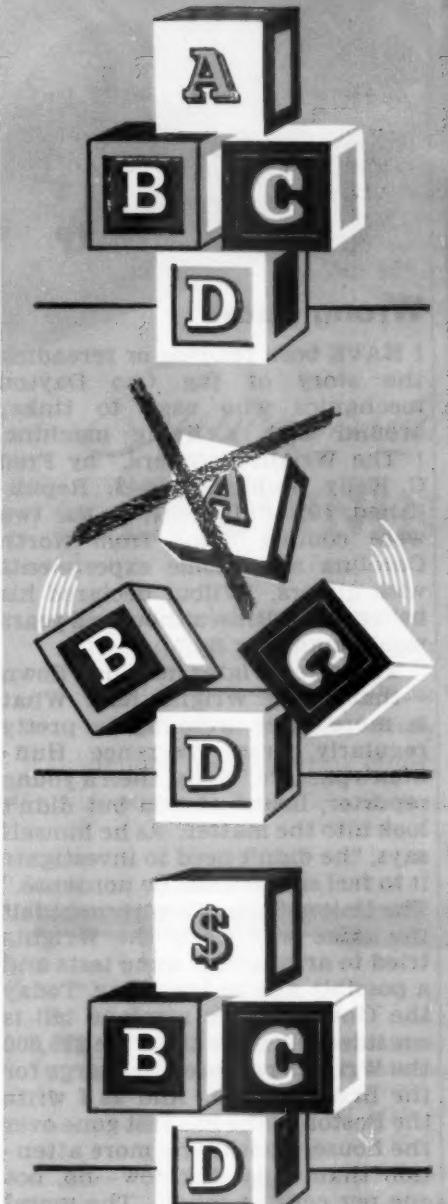
Good year for moles

WE HAD mole trouble again this summer. I suppose what the moles did to our premises would be comparable, in human terms, to a tunnel from New York City to Washington. But I try to be philosophical. If we felt frustrated the moles didn't. I have no doubt we ought to sympathize, animal-lovers that we are, with the innocent joy that filled their little hearts when they realized that they had traveled underground all the way from the front door to the kitchen door and ruined nearly all the tulips. I suppose they had ceremonies and made speeches and turned out the band. I am quite sure they think the world was made for moles. I don't think it was, but how can I prove it?

Between the seasons

I LIKE the time between the seasons, when it is no longer summer but not wholly fall (whatever the calendar says); when the lawn mower has been laid away but the snow shovel still wears spider webs; when it is too chilly to swim but not too cool to sit on the sand in the sun; when there are still enough days to Christmas and one can think calmly about what to give his loved ones, and not make up his mind for a while; when one

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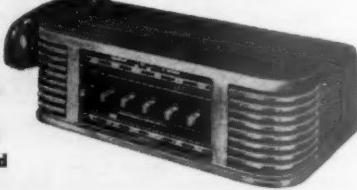
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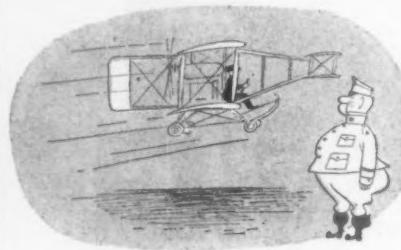
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has more than the usual amount of energy and less than the usual demands on it. I like the time of year when the northern earth is getting ready for its winter sleep but is not yet in any hurry to go to bed. I like it when Nature sits around like a hale and hearty elderly person, most of her work behind her, but still interested in things. I like it about now. I like October.



Wrong guess

I HAVE been reading or rereading the story of the two Dayton mechanics who used to tinker around with a flying machine. ("The Wright Brothers," by Fred C. Kelly. Published 1943. Republished, 1950.) In 1901, as the two were coming home from North Carolina after some experiments with gliders, "Wilbur declared his belief: not within a thousand years would man ever fly."

Three years later man had flown—that is, the Wrights had. What is more, they were flying pretty regularly, from Torrence Huffman's pasture. Kelly, then a young reporter, heard of this but didn't look into the matter. As he himself says, "he didn't need to investigate it to feel sure it must be nonsense." The United States Government felt the same way when the Wrights tried to arrange for some tests and a possible sale to the Army. Today the Government's airplane bill is considerably more than the \$25,000 the Wrights proposed to charge for the first machine. And as I write the Boston plane has just gone over the house, exciting no more attention than a passing cow—no, not one per cent as much. The moral is: never predict that anything won't happen.

News from Alaska

I THINK I have mentioned before in this space my wife's great-aunt, Mrs. H. of Ophir, who now and then sends us a batch of newspapers from Alaska. In winter the Alaskan sun pops above the horizon for an hour or so then pops right back down again. In summer the situation is reversed—it hardly gets dark at all. Thus Alaska isn't like

Connecticut, much less California, Texas or Florida. On the other hand two peas in a pod couldn't be more alike in some respects than Alaska and any American community one cares to name.

It has reckless drivers, ardent boosters, Boy and Girl Scouts, bargain sales, a housing shortage, politics, night clubs, hand laundries, taxis, florists, symphony orchestras, bridge parties, radio stations, fraternal societies, motion picture theaters in which films about adventures in the wilds seem to be popular, professional baseball clubs, a humane society and (I believe, though I may be getting it confused with California) a climate. Some wish Alaska to be a state, others do not. Whatever happens Alaska goes to show that wherever people behave like Americans there is a hunk of America.

Columbus Day

EVERY Oct. 12 I wonder how it would be if Columbus or somebody else hadn't discovered America. Would we all be wandering around with feathers in our (if any) hair and living a peaceful, simple life? Would this be better than the way things are, when we not only have to worry about our own troubles but about Europe's troubles, too? Sometimes I think one thing and sometimes another but I would always be glad not to work on Columbus Day if it were possible. (It never is.)

The big week end

I DO BELIEVE one of the pleasantest sights in the whole world is somebody meeting somebody at a suburban railway station on a Friday evening. I ride past a number of such stations on my own way home. The congestion is sometimes worse than Times Square, but there (in summer) are the smiling, bare-legged wives and mamas, and there are the business-suited husbands and papas and guests tumbling off the train, and there are the children squealing and laughing in their still damp bathing suits (or, in winter, in snow suits) and you know there are country and open spaces, trees, water, stars, games, something to eat and something to drink (milk, if preferred), pleasant talk and a cool breeze to go to sleep to and a party or two tomorrow—you know all these things are not far away.

The British invented the week end. (Before that time weeks didn't have ends; they were just fitted

into each other with invisible joints, except that many persons went to church, just as many of us do today.) But the American week end, I think, is jollier and simpler than the British. I like it, even at the expense of the sad moment on Sunday evening or (worse yet) Monday morning, when it ends.



Nature's front yard

I KNOW I shall get into trouble for saying this, but is there anything prettier than a village front yard that has been allowed to go to seed? Tall grass, buttercups in season, asters—what could be more soothing to those who love nature more than they do lawn mowers? But you never see such front yards except when the house behind them is uninhabited. Soon a new family moves in and soon the scythe and the mower take over. People, especially female people, won't leave nature alone.

Weight, one cent

THERE is still one small corner of life not hit by inflation; I can still weigh myself for one cent, the hundredth part of my dollar. In fact, I believe there has even been a slight deflation in this area, for whereas the weighing machines used to charge me a penny for telling me I weighed between 165 and 170 pounds they now charge the same for saying I weigh between 185 and 190 pounds—which is obviously a decrease in the charge per pound.

I am offered a job

I HAVE BEEN invited to fill out a blank, in return for which I will be told about my chances "for preparing to break into a thrilling technical job in one of America's most spectacular and fast-growing fields—television." As I already have a thrilling technical job in an older industry I am not applying. I am not even influenced by the hint that if I "now face the possibility of military service" the facts available for me "may prove doubly welcome." The Government does not desire my military services. But I am impressed by the

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opportunities a young man now has that he didn't used to have—and, of course, vice versa. There is relatively little demand for cowboys today and no call for Indian fighters, but television beckons, and there is a field for airplane pilots and atomic engineers. Adventure alters its nature but does not disappear.

This provincial earth

IT SEEMS to my wife that we who live on this planet are provincial and not sufficiently considerate of the feelings of possible inhabitants of other parts of the stellar system. This conclusion is the result of a visit to the planetarium, during which Mrs. D. realized that, sidewise speaking, there was no such thing as north. Or south, east or west, either. Yet we all keep referring to the North Star, even when there is no reason for it. The sun and moon rise in the east, the way we see them, but if anybody were living on those spheres (nobody was, at last accounts) they would take quite a different view. Our north is not the north of other planets, such as Venus and Mars. In fact, it is about as local, compared with the size of the universe, as the corner of Main and Stowe Streets in Waterbury, Vt. If we were more modest about such things we might get on better with other inhabitants of the Milky Way—and for all I know there may be some and they may be annoyed at our attitude of fancied superiority.

Above the ears

A FEW American barbers and one barber in Kingsteignton, England, have cut the rates they charge bald-headed men. But I do not think this movement will spread or ought to spread. In the interests of justice and in spite of some personal interest in the matter I will go on record as saying that it is always simple to mow down the unobstructed middle of a lawn and always difficult and discouraging to trim the edges.

"Came the dawn," etc.

I WAS STARTLED to learn that the first talking movie was 25 years old this year. This means that nobody less than 35 or 40 knows what it is like to look at a film and carry on an animated conversation at the same time. Nobody, that is, except those who go right on talking, anyway, in spite of competition from the stage.

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1951



Felix Morley

The State of the Nation

DURING the closing weeks of the sultry summer now ended Congress established a principle of great constitutional importance. Most Americans now realize that the legislature has successfully asserted its claim to be the ultimately controlling factor in the conduct of our foreign policy. But because

the congressional action was spread over some weeks, and was not confined to the repudiation of any single Administration proposal, the full significance of the development is concealed.

It can best be appreciated by recalling that two political issues of great moment were left unsettled when the Constitution was drafted and made the organic law of the United States. One was the question of whether or not a state could legally secede from the union then formed. The other was the question of whether President or Congress has final authority in foreign policy.

In both cases the general intent of the Constitution was clear. The union was meant to be binding and permanent. The ultimate control of foreign policy was meant to vest in Congress. Nevertheless, room was left for argument in both cases. It took a civil war to decide that no state has the right to secede. It took the dismal aftermath of World War II to settle the issue of foreign policy control, which is now determined in favor

of Congress, which is probably a popular verdict.

Theoretically, the Supreme Court should have been able to resolve both of these historic issues, despite their very different nature. That of secession, focused by the regional practice of slavery, was between the federal Government and the rebellious states. That of foreign policy control has always been wholly within the central Government, between the Executive and the legislature.

Although the Supreme Court intervened in the slavery controversy, notably in the famous Dred Scott decision, it was powerless to avert the Civil War. In the less dramatic, but perhaps not less important, controversy over the control of foreign policy the Court has never been able to rule. That is due to the wording of the Constitution.

• • •

Congress, in Section 8 of Article I, is given the sole right "to declare war." But Section 2 of Article II simultaneously makes the President "Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States." The Korean conflict has all too forcefully emphasized the difficulty here. It is impossible to rule judicially that the President may declare war. It is equally impossible to rule judicially that the President, in his military capacity, may not take steps that actually lead to war.

For reasons other than this confusion almost every President has tended to arrogate to himself a dominant role in foreign policy. It is naturally an executive function and in most other coun-



tries is recognized as such. In the dealings of one sovereign power with others responsibility must be focused, and the traditional focus point is the Foreign Office.

Nevertheless, the American constitutional system is hostile to this centering of authority and three separate safeguards insure that Congress, if it wants, can always have the final say. In rising order of importance these are, first, the provision for senatorial

approval of treaties and diplomatic appointments; second, the control of Congress over appropriations; third, the fact that Congress has the power—though never yet exercised—to remove the President, while he has no power to dissolve Congress.

Thus it arises that, although the conduct of foreign policy is clearly an executive function, the control over it is, in the last analysis, in the hands of Congress. And this was clearly desired by the men who wrote the Constitution. The one among them who was most anxious to create a strong Executive — Alexander Hamilton — has left us evidence that even he favored limiting the President's power to direct foreign policy. In No. 75 of *The Federalist* papers Hamilton wrote:

The history of human conduct does not warrant that exalted opinion of human virtue which would make it wise in a nation to commit interests of so delicate and momentous a kind, as those which concern its intercourse with the rest of the world, to the sole disposal of a magistrate created and circumstanced as would be a President of the United States.

Because Americans do not like deadlock, and also because foreign policy was until recently relatively unimportant, the ill-defined nature of its control has caused few historic difficulties. The one most easily recalled is the refusal of the Senate to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, after President Woodrow Wilson had played a leading part in drafting the Covenant of the League of Nations and making it a part of that treaty.

In general, Congress has allowed the President and his Secretary of State a good deal of latitude in the direction of foreign policy. They have certainly been expected to keep the appropriate Senate and House committees informed of plans and strategy in this field. But, with this understanding, there has usually been little congressional interference with State Department planning.

A series of highly arbitrary executive actions, beginning with the Yalta Agreement, explain why Congress has now asserted itself so strongly

in foreign policy matters. Insistence on prerogative has been the stronger because of reaction against the ill-conceived theory of "bipartisan foreign policy," which in effect meant no criticism of State Department blunders.

Even if the Yalta Agreement had been admirable, and nobody now claims that, it would have been resented because its terms were kept secret from the representatives of the people. It impinged on the constitutional right of the Senate to approve treaties, much as the decisions taken later in Korea impinged on the right of Congress as a whole to make the decision in respect to war.

On top of this usurpation of power is piled the evidence of extravagance and futility in many State Department operations. Secretary Acheson has made a smooth case for the countless billions required for "foreign aid." But it has become steadily more apparent that actual need has served as an excuse for intolerable waste.

• • •

What finally caused the congressional worm to turn was Secretary Acheson's attempt to blanket ECA and all other overseas spending agencies into the Department of State. A pattern for this enlargement was established when the department absorbed OWI, OSS and FEA after World War II. By this earlier expansion the Department of State was thrown into an administrative confusion from which it has never recovered. Its expert function, of developing considered and consistent lines of foreign policy, has been almost forgotten in the pulling and hauling of the hundreds of amateur strategists who swarmed in to frustrate and smother the old career service.

If the State Department could now take over ECA, direct "Point Four" and promote the "Voice of America" as its own propaganda department, it would become the biggest and by far the most expensive bureaucratic machine ever controlled by a single appointed official. Against this projected expansion of Acheson's power, even more than against the staggering cost of his policies, the Congress has risen in revolt. The cuts in the requested foreign aid appropriations have been sharp. But even sharper is the rebuff to Acheson's ambition.

So far as the actual direction of foreign policy is concerned, the action of Congress has been negative. It still remains true that the Executive must plan that policy, since such planning cannot be done by legislative committees. Within congressional competence, however, is definition of the scope of State Department activity.

Probably this department, like any other organization, will do a better job for being sternly told that there is a limit to the amount of money it may spend, and the number of employees it may add in an attempt to justify that spending.

—FELIX MORLEY

NATION'S BUSINESS for October, 1951



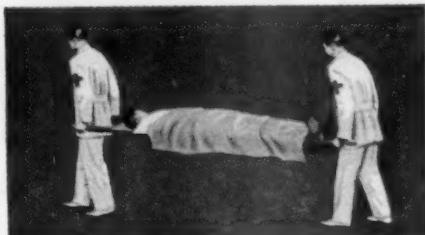
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Washington Scenes



Edward T. Folliard

HE SAT DOWN opposite me in the dining car, a big man with gray hair, gray mustache, and a worried look. After the usual opening exchange—about the weather and the beauty of the Hudson Palisades outside—we got around to the “situation.”

I had been up on the Great Lakes, traveling on an ore boat, and I talked enthusiastically about what I had seen—the record-breaking traffic, the enormous ore docks at Duluth, and the busy locks at Sault Ste. Marie, which handle more tonnage each year than the Panama, Suez and Kiel canals combined. It was, I said, “some country.”

The man across the table agreed that this was so.

“But how long are we going to have it?” he asked. “When are those fellows down there going to get it through their heads that we can’t support the whole world?”

He said it probably wasn’t too hard on the big corporations; they had their vast resources, their legal staffs, their tax experts, and so on. The man who was really up against it, he said, was the small businessman; and from this I gathered that he was a small businessman himself.

I said something sympathetic, and then, after explaining that I was from Washington, went on to talk about how the situation looked from the White House, the State Department, and the Pentagon. I remarked that the enemy we were preparing against was a formidable one; that the only thing he seemed to respect was strength—armed strength, and a lot of it.

“Well,” said my table companion, “if I’m going to be devoured, it doesn’t make much difference to me who devours me, Stalin or Truman.”

His vehemence startled me. In a weak attempt at humor, I said that Truman probably would be more dainty about it. He was not to be pacified.

“What difference would it make if I’m going to be devoured?” he said, as the train rolled into the Grand Central.

• • •

A conversation like that is not quickly forgotten. In the intervening weeks, as Congress has been going down the stretch and voting on bills involving billions and billions of dollars, I have thought about it often, especially during the angry debate on foreign aid.

There was, for example, the warning of Sen. Everett Dirksen, Illinois Republican, about the “give-away mania.”

“How long can that continue?” Dirksen asked. “Not too long before the solvency of America will come into real jeopardy.... America can die from suicide within—suicide via the fiscal route before those other dangers could reach us.”

Other members of Congress, it might be said, are just as much concerned about solvency as Dirksen is. Where they break with him, most of them, is in their appraisal of the Russian threat, and in their ideas about how to meet it. In a general way, the argument of venerable Sen. Theodore Green, Rhode Island Democrat, probably sums up their viewpoint:

“We hear much said about taking money out of the taxpayers’ pockets. It is the representatives of the people who are voting to appropriate money to defend the people. It is not a question of whether we can afford it. It is a question of whether we can afford not to do it.... What good will the money do in our pockets in case we lose the war?”

Or, as Sen. Brien McMahon, Connecticut Democrat, puts it, “If it is left to me, I will balance the military power of the Kremlin before I balance the budget.”

• • •

As autumn moves in and Congress prepares to move out, Washington is a much more patient city than it was a few months ago. There are worries—there always are—but the biggest one has not yet materialized. There has been no appreciable “letdown.”

Indeed, nothing has happened here that would give any comfort to Moscow, unless it be the growing uneasiness about the stupendous drain on the Treasury.

What about the small businessman? Is his plight as bad as my companion of the dining car suggested?

It is pretty generally agreed here that he has much to gripe about. He is overwhelmed by paper work (OPS regulations and the like); he is always in danger of losing his workers to a bigger company;



TRENDS

OF NATION'S BUSINESS

he complains that procurement officers still prefer to do business with bigger and better-known firms; he faces increasing difficulties in getting scarce materials, and he is taxed to a point where Sen. Walter George, Democrat of Georgia, says he has virtually no chance "to get ahead."

Of course, everybody here professes to be the friend of the small businessman. Not only that, but it is argued that much

more is being done for him than was done, say, in World War II. Charlie Wilson has a special branch in ODM to handle the problems of the small businessman. All three of the armed services have designated officers to look out for him. Both the Senate and the House have special committees that are supposed to protect his interests, and, in passing the new controls law, Congress set up a Small Plants Agency to help him with his financing.

How much all this has helped is a question that can best be answered out in the country, and by the small businessman himself.

Politically, the most talked-about development here has been the surprising conduct of Sen. Tom Connally of Texas, veteran chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. If Joe McCarthy had got up and praised Secretary Acheson, he could hardly have caused more amazement than old Tawm did when he demanded a \$1,000,000,000 cut in the foreign-aid bill.

Washington rarely credits politicians with noble motives, and it made no exception in Connally's case. It assumed he was scared—scared of defeat in 1952. He is 74 now, and there is talk that he will be opposed for his Senate seat by Gov. Allan Shivers, who is 44.

There is further talk that it would be no great asset to Connally to be known in Texas as a "Truman man," and no great asset, either, to be known as a "spender."

The episode has caused some alarm here, and not only in political circles.

Those who were most disturbed are the career men in the State Department and the Pentagon who have a hand in building up the United States and its allies.

These men are beginning to say, for the first time, that the West has Stalin "on the run," or, at any rate, will have him on the run if it continues to rearm and stand united. To back down at this stage, they say, would be an immense

tragedy, which would see Stalin once again in possession of the initiative.

Whether the Connally case is a portent of trouble is something we will be better able to judge at the next session of Congress, but it does underline an important fact in the Washington picture today. That is that concern over the gigantic cost of our arms program is not limited to the Republican Party, and neither is it limited to the ranks of the "isolationists."

In recent weeks, we have seen our lawmakers, Democrats and Republicans, trying to grasp the meaning of \$1,000,000,000—admittedly a difficult task. Senator Stennis of Mississippi uses an illustration, starting with the dawn of Christianity. If (he points out) a man with \$1,000,000,000 had started a grocery business the year the Christ child was born, and if the man had lost \$1,000 every day—not every month, or every week, but every day—he would nevertheless still be in business, and it would be 788 years more before the marshal would post a bankruptcy notice on his door.

"That is only \$1,000,000,000," says Stennis. "We already have, as a certainty, an appropriation for just one year, for the military budget alone, of a minimum of \$75,000,000,000. . . . The prospect of the military budgets to come the year after this and the following year, is about to make an isolationist out of a confirmed internationalist. I think it will have that effect on the people of America unless we proceed with more caution."

Senator Long of Louisiana also calls for caution, and insists that much money can be saved by doing away with "frills" in the armed services.

Senator Knowland of California, a Republican, sees certain danger signals ahead, and urges a "stop, look and listen" policy with respect to appropriations, especially those to help other countries. He thinks help ought to be extended only to those allies who will be willing to stand up and be counted when the chips are down.

This insistence on caution where appropriations are concerned does not suggest any great change in the field of foreign policy. As Senator Knowland says:

"We can no more return to isolation than an adult can return to childhood, regardless of how pleasant childhood recollections may be."

Today's concern over expenditures is as nothing compared to the concern and anger that gripped Washington last year, when Americans were getting a bloody nose in Korea. The big regret then was that we hadn't spent more on our armed forces. Not many members of Congress want to go through that again.

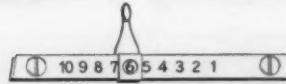
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NEW OIL FIELDS

EDITORIAL REPRINTED FROM *The New York Times*

THE ROLE OF THE PROFIT MOTIVE

This editorial appeared recently in one of America's great newspapers. THE NEW YORK TIMES notes particularly the many skills and the great risks involved in the search for oil.

The development of new sources of oil is only one phase of oil company rivalry. The oil must be taken from the ground, refined into finished products, transported by pipeline, tanker, truck or tank car and marketed where and when it is needed. Every step of the way, every day, oilmen try to win more business by doing these jobs better, faster, more efficiently.

As THE NEW YORK TIMES says so emphatically:

"...the role of the profit motive in inducing socially useful action is of primary importance, a fact which our people and our legislators might well keep in mind."



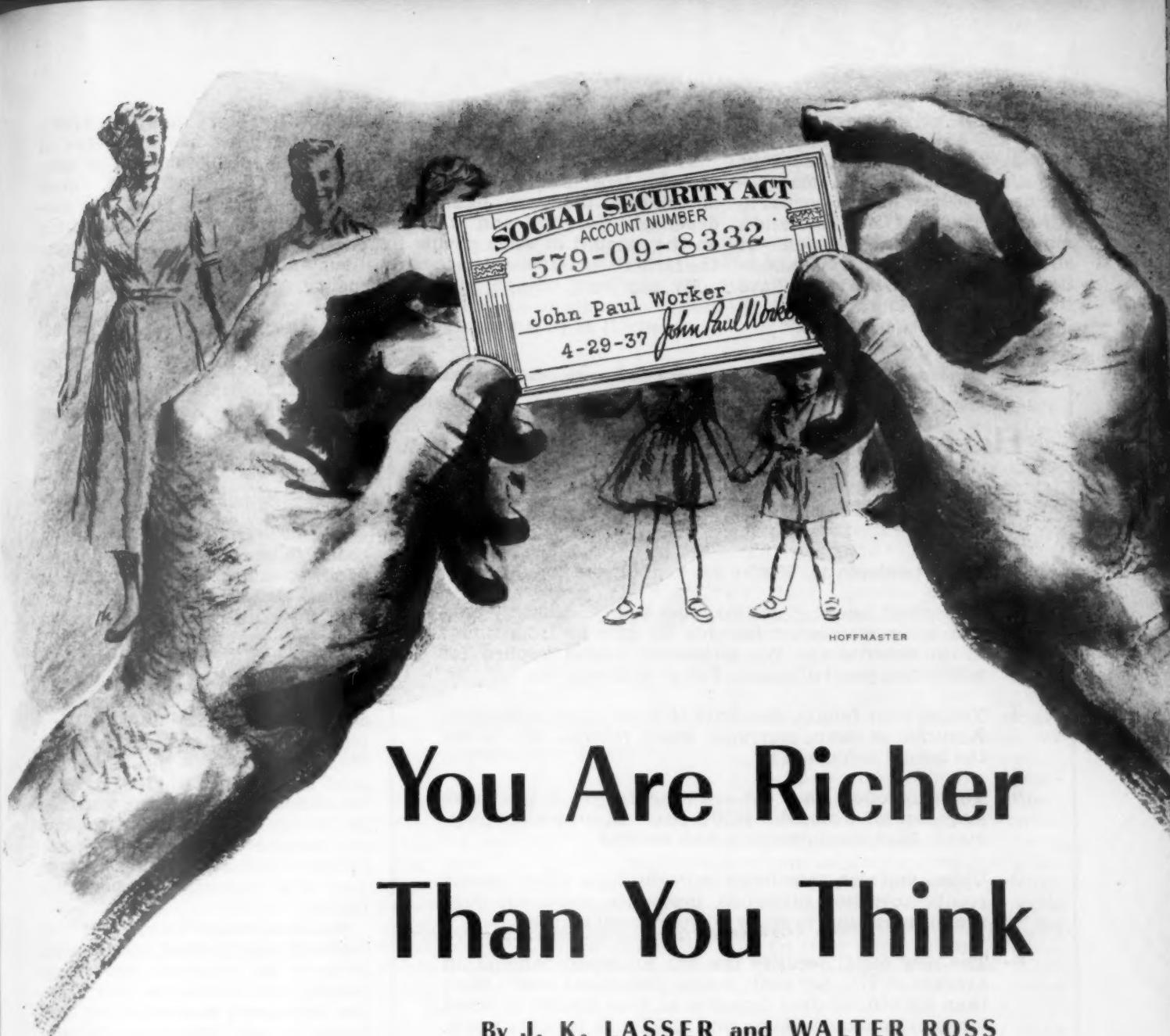
IVERSON NO. 1—When this well, shown with its "slush pit," came in near Tioga in the Williston Basin, North Dakota became America's 27th oil-producing state. It was 29 years ago that a single oil company began the long search for oil in North Dakota. Today many oil companies, big and little, have leased over half the state's acreage for drilling, in the hope that the region will prove to be a major oil producer. Oil companies are getting ready to spend millions to find the answer.

"WHAT may well be the beginning of a new major domestic oil source in the northern Middle West is indicated by two recent important finds 100 miles apart, one last April in North Dakota and another in the past fortnight in Montana. For several decades this country has depended heavily, though not exclusively, upon southern and western areas—such states as Louisiana, Texas and California. If these new finds in North Dakota and Montana presage the opening of comparable rich fields they are of great importance.

"The mounting number of cars and oil heaters in this country is steadily increasing our consumption of this material, while from a global point of view the shadows over the future of oil production in the Middle East, particularly Iran, make it most desirable to increase production from more certain sources, as in this country, as rapidly as possible.

"In our gratification over these new finds we should not lose sight of the factors which made it possible for oil to be discovered at depths of 7,000 to 11,000 feet underneath the earth. The contributions of geologists, drilling technicians and related specialists are, of course, of the highest importance, for they make possible the location and then the reaching of this buried treasure. But important, too, are the enterprise and the willingness to bear risks which motivated these efforts. Wells that find oil are well publicized, but the large number which are no more than dry holes in the ground are recorded only in red ink in private ledgers.

"The men and organizations who search for oil at fantastic depths risk millions in such ventures, and frequently lose them. But they continue even after repeated disappointments because on balance profits can be made if a reasonable proportion of successes is attained. In this activity, as in many others, the role of the profit motive in inducing socially useful action is of primary importance, a fact which our people and our legislators might well keep in mind."



You Are Richer Than You Think

By J. K. LASER and WALTER ROSS

If you got a letter in this morning's mail telling you that you had suddenly inherited \$41,000 free of income and estate taxes, how would you feel?

Well, you may consider that the letter has just arrived and that you're reading it now. How much of your inheritance you collect depends on how carefully you read, too. For the \$41,000 is available today to many people who don't know they own it; have never, therefore, sat down and figured how they can get it; have never tried to collect it.

We're talking about your new social security. The actual stake of a young family in the new social security—which went into effect Jan. 1, 1951—is as much as \$41,000 in cash, a fact we will shortly prove.

The statement that social security is worth more to young people

than it is to oldsters may come as a surprise, but it is, nevertheless, true. Because it is a lot more than retirement benefits.

It is also life insurance to protect young children and their mother; it is also a lump sum death benefit to soften the financial shock of death; it is also a pension for aged widows and dependent parents.

It is the biggest, cheapest insurance bonanza the citizens of this country ever have had, yet they hardly know it exists. Even a group of expert accountants were unbelieving when we quoted the \$41,000 value to them. We had to prove it. Here's how we did it, taking in insurance, death benefit and widow's pension:

A father of two children, aged one and two, dies after July 1, 1952 (the day the new top benefits be-

gin), with six quarters—18 months—of coverage at the top social security level, at a salary of \$3,600.

1. His widow gets, on application, a lump-sum death benefit equal to three times her husband's \$80 monthly retirement pension. This comes to \$240.

2. His two children and their mother get a pension of \$150 per month until the eldest child is 18. During the 16-year period, this adds up to \$28,800.

3. His youngest child and the mother get a pension of \$120 per month until the youngster reaches his eighteenth birthday, one year later. This equals \$1,440.

4. The widow's pension ceases when both children reach 18, but

she, herself, gets old-age benefits when she reaches her sixty-fifth birthday. Then, and for the rest of her life—if she doesn't remarry—she draws \$60 per month—equal to three quarters of her husband's monthly retirement pension. If she had to buy a commercial annuity paying this sum, she would have to spend about \$11,220.

The total comes to \$41,700.

And all of this income is, by law, *free of all tax!*

The total will vary with different families depending on the number of children, their age, number of dependent parents—and is based on the amount of wage credits in the father's social security account.

By any test, though, this is a system of cradle-to-grave security. Currently it is paying more than

\$150,000,000 every month to 4,000,000 Americans, has a reserve of more than \$14,000,000,000 in government securities. Yet, most Americans do not know the elementary details about collecting the money—a fact which costs them millions of dollars every month.

For example: In 1943, a young man died leaving his widow, 30, and a three-year-old son. He bequeathed them his savings and a small life insurance policy.

Paying for the funeral cut deeply into the ready cash, but the young widow budgeted her life insurance money and managed to live on it until 1947. Then she had to get a job. Providing a nurse, who would care for the child while she worked, took a substantial chunk out of the widow's salary, but she had no choice—she thought.

If she had known it, she could have had another source of income from social security—a source she waited eight years to tap. By the time she found out about it in 1951, she had lost irretrievably more than \$5,000 in benefits. This tax-free income would have enabled her to piece out her insurance money without working. But it was gone, all except the last six months which could be collected retroactively, under the law, and what she might get in the future.

Another widow knew that her husband was insured under social security but assumed, like many people, that she would start getting the money automatically. She found her mistake when she took the trouble to make a phone call to her local social security office three years later. It was an expensive error—she had lost two and one-half years of benefits and the lump-sum death benefit, which must be applied for within two years of death.

This sort of thing is happening all the time in spite of the best efforts of the social security people. They make speeches—it's a part of the job—to any group of interested citizens, write articles, appear on the radio and television. They even make an organized effort to reach undertakers. They visit funeral parlors, distribute printed forms which morticians fill out and send in giving the deceased's name and social security number with the identities of the next of kin. The Social Security Administration then follows up with form letters to the relatives.

They go out of their way to find people to whom they owe money. In one case they had to do a great

Eleven things you should know about your social security

1. It's not automatic. You've got to apply for it.
2. If you wait too long, you may lose money. Monthly payments are retroactive for only six months from filing; death benefits are lost altogether unless applied for within two years of death. *Tell your family this.*
3. You, or your family, may have to prove right to benefits. Keep file of birth, marriage, death records, etc., where the family can reach it.
4. You can collect your old-age benefits only if you make less than \$50 a month—\$600 a year—in covered employment. Most employment is now covered.
5. Unless you own your home *outright*, have other income (rents, royalties, dividends, insurance, etc.), you may find it impossible to retire on your social security.
6. The new social security law has increased benefits an average of 77½ per cent; makes retirement worth more than \$20,000 *tax-free* (equal to at least \$24,000 of taxed income); makes widow's and children's benefits worth \$41,000, or more, *tax-free*.
7. New law currently reduces credits needed for benefits. A man of 65 with six quarters of covered employment after 1950 is fully insured. This means many old folks will collect up to \$20,000 in benefits by paying \$81 in tax.
8. New law gives automatic coverage for armed service during World War II. Anyone who served 18 months (unless dishonorably discharged) is fully insured until at least 1954.
9. Anyone more than 75 may make as much money as he can, even in covered employment, and still collect his social security *tax-free*.
10. The social security people recommend that you check up on your wage credits every year or so, make sure your employer is depositing the tax to your number. Send your account number, name, address, date of birth on penny post card to Social Security Administration, Candler Building, Baltimore 2, Md.
11. Visit your local social security office to learn about your benefits.



Despite publicity through newspapers, radio, television, and speeches some people do not file to obtain their benefits

deal of detective work to locate a beneficiary. It turned out she was a close relative of a newspaper editor who had published many articles on the subject.

With all this, there are hundreds of thousands of people who are not getting the benefits to which they are entitled.

Now that Congress has added about 10,000,000 more people to its coverage, an even greater number probably will deprive themselves of many millions of dollars through ignorance of the law.

For instance, one of the new groups to be brought under coverage are small businessmen—about 4,700,000 of them. A local survey made among this group in 1951 showed that:

Forty per cent did not know they were covered.

Forty-three per cent had not taken out social security cards.

Seventy-seven per cent did not know how to pay their social security tax.

Seventy-seven per cent had practically no knowledge of the benefits.

Many new occupations besides small businessmen have been brought under coverage so that it actually is easier to list the few who are *not* covered:

Owner or operator of a farm. Self-employed physicians, lawyers, dentists, professional engineers, and certain other professionals.

Even in "uncovered" occupations, there may be cases where payments are due.

For instance, a self-employed American physician was killed in an automobile accident in Spain. His widow returned to the United States with their young child, employed a lawyer, and tried to collect damages. After waiting nearly two years she fired the lawyer, hired a second one. Going through the doctor's papers, the new lawyer came across a social security card.

He discovered that the doctor had earned some social security credits as company doctor in an industrial plant. By applying quickly, the widow was able to collect the death benefit before the two-year limit and started to get her monthly pension. However, she had lost nearly \$2,000 in benefits.

Another widow allowed her bank to handle her finances for her. "They neglected to apply for her husband's death benefit and for monthly pensions," an official said.

Social security people of all ranks are concerned about getting widows to apply for their pensions. They are even more interested in the estimated 600,000 old folks who are eligible for old-age benefits and don't collect them.

Their concern is understandable when we add up the retirement benefits of social security in terms of cash value to an old couple:

For example, a man of 65, or

more, with six quarters of top-level insurance (\$3,600 per year in covered employment) retires after July 1, 1952:

1. Immediately on application he begins to collect \$80 a month—and he will get it every month for the rest of his life. If he bought this income in annuities at age of 65, he would have had to pay about \$12,720.

2. When his wife is 65, she can collect—even if she has never earned a penny's worth of social security credits—\$40 a month for the rest of her life. To buy a 65-year-old woman a commercial annuity of \$40 per month for life would cost about \$7,490.

This comes to \$20,210.

Some old people are afraid to ask for their benefits because they think the Government won't allow them to keep their homes or their investments. Nothing could be further from the truth. Actually, the social security law puts a premium on your ability to create as much retirement income for yourself—outside covered employment—as you can. Rents, insurance, royalties, dividends, interest—there's no limit on how much of this type of income you can have, and still collect your old-age benefits. Matter of fact, some wealthy men use their tax-free social security benefits to help pay the tax on their other income.

There is a limit on how much money you can earn in covered employment and still collect however. The law says you can make up to \$50 per month—or \$600 a year if self-employed—and collect your old-age benefits.

Since you and your wife may find it difficult to get along on \$120 a month (or \$220 if the two of you are able to find limited employment), you had better start planning now to build up other sources of income. And to cut down your fixed expenses.

For both of these reasons, owning your own home free and clear becomes an important adjunct.

Surveys in Baltimore and Philadelphia showed that 90 per cent of the oldsters who could afford to collect their benefits owned their homes. And that only those who owned them outright were able to keep them any length of time while living on social security.

It makes good sense, then, to pay off the mortgage on your home before you reach 65 to insure retiring on your old-age benefits.

A paid-for home also protects
(Continued on page 84)



PHOTOS BY ROLAND PATTERSON FROM BLACK STAR

Where folks share their kitchens as well as their parlors;

BOLD FOR THE FUTURE;



By DONALD A. NORBERG

THE CHILDREN finally outgrew the small softball diamond in the back yard that for years had illustrated the old adage that you can't grow boys, girls and grass. So we brought in some new top-soil, seeded it, and soon a green carpet extended from what had been home plate—against the back door—down the right field foul line to the first base tree, and over into deep left.

As I watered the new lawn each evening I watched the development of a pathway through the grass. And its pattern ran up and down the block, to and from the rear doors of the neighboring homes. It demonstrated, more vividly than anything I had seen before, the way of life in a rural community.

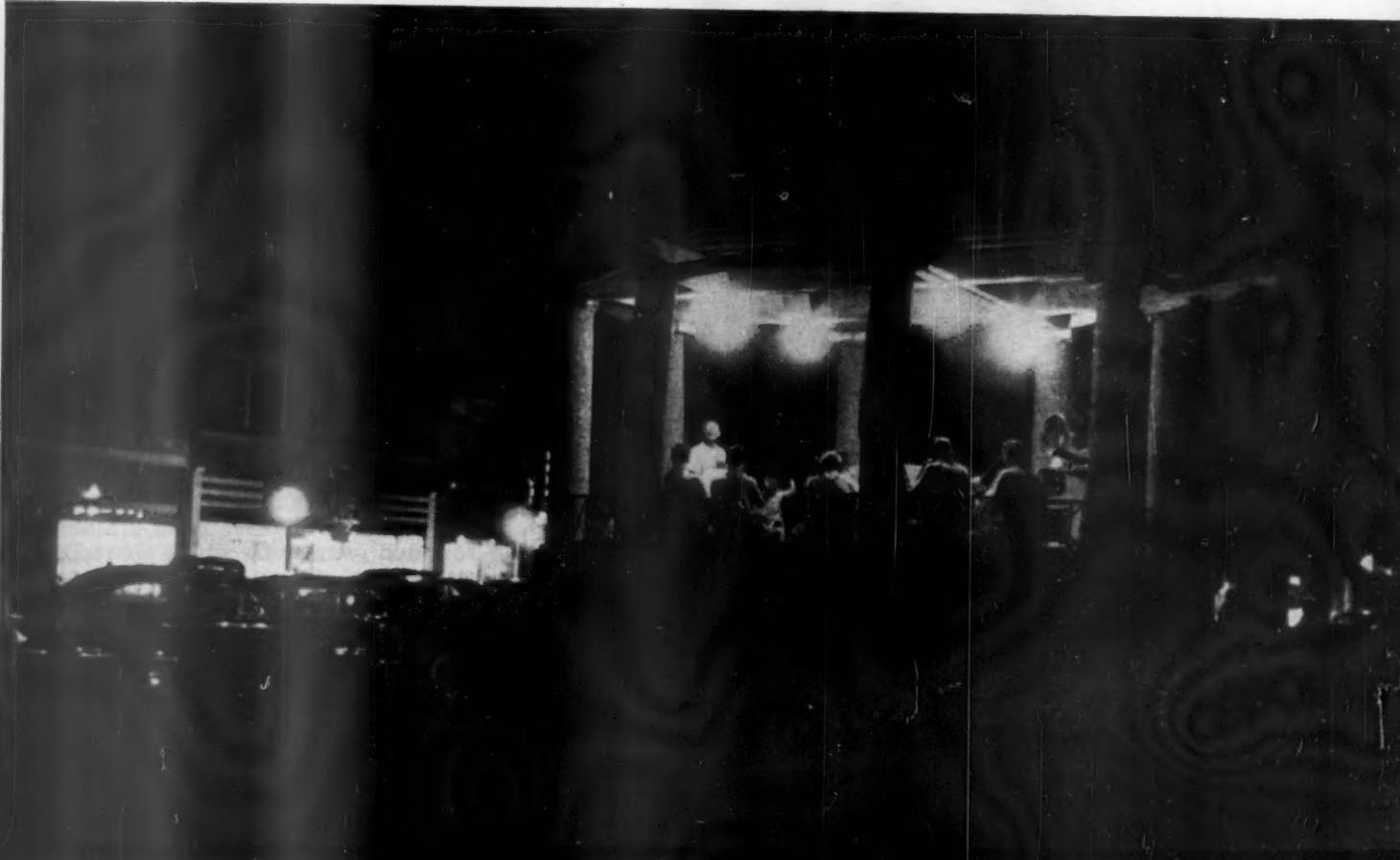
A small town is where latchstrings are out fore and aft—where folks share their kitchens as well as living rooms—and trade opinions on everything from the state of the nation to a sure cure for croup while returning borrowed butter.

Go out to the hinterlands, said Senator Tobey during the Kefauver Crime Committee hearings, as he emphasized that the testimony was not indica-



ors;
take opportunity for granted: see sons as future presidents . . .

E; PROUD OF THE PAST



REGISTRY



Postmistress Mrs. A. E. Hollingshead was the first woman to run for Congress from her Iowa district

believe the sermon on the Mount and live for each other . . .

Dr. Frank Bay, volunteer fireman and school board member, also has patented a surgical instrument



tive of the true American attitude toward people and government. Go out into the hinterlands, he said, and find the real America.

Albia, in Monroe county in southern Iowa, is about as hinter as one can go. And, on the basis of five years of experience and observation as a community newspaper editor, Senator Tobey gets my nod. He's right.

THIS is not Utopia. A once-prosperous coal mining industry is just about dead. The rolling-to-hilly farms don't have Iowa's best soil. A substantial share of our wage earners commute to industrial centers from 25 to more than 50 miles away—to the Morrell packing plant and the Deere implement factory in Ottumwa, and to Newton, where washing machines are made. We are not a community of very rich people, but on the other hand few of us are pitifully poor. We need physical improvements in our public schools, more all-weather roads linking farms and markets, and more parking space in Albia on Saturday nights.

But this is the real America—an America with spirit and confidence . . . with a bright eye on the future and a grateful feeling for the past . . . and an appreciation of moral values in people and people's government.

This is the kind of America in which an agricultural revolution is in progress. On our rough farms—more than 90 per cent of them owned by their operators—there's an expanding transition

from grain to grassland farming that eventually will put a new, improved floor under community economy.

This is the kind of America in which A. E. Kness builds a better mousetrap. He came to town with a model and a production plan. A booster club, the kind at which the late Sinclair Lewis made a nation snicker, pitched in with community resources. Today the Kness Automatic Mousetrap is beating a path to doors across the nation.

Another of my neighbors, Les Behnke, opened up a new cream and egg buying station one morning and the few dollars he put into the cash drawer to make change represented all his liquid assets. His business grew. Not long ago he bought a gadget to speed up the dressing of chickens, which he operated himself. This summer he was buying between \$2,000 and \$3,000 worth of broilers a week, processing them through an assembly line of a dozen workers, and making deliveries to retail markets over a wide Iowa area. And now he has whipped up a deal for financing local farmers interested in starting scientific broiler production.

THIS is the kind of America where Americans take it for granted that opportunity is with us always.

This is the kind of America where boys are considered candidates for the presidency of the United States—not looked on as a present or potential problem in delinquency. It may be an old-fashioned attitude, but it turns out pretty good children—happy, well-rounded youngsters whose sports, dramatics, operettas and dance recitals offset our inability to stand in line for "South Pacific" or Dodger-Giant baseball or Army-Navy football games.

This is the kind of America where the high school valedictorian recites the Gettysburg Address at the cemetery on Memorial Day, and the municipal band plays summer evening concerts on the public square, and the best pie out of a mother's oven is usually dispatched to old Mrs. Jones or the ailing Mrs. Smith.

This is the kind of America where the Sermon on the Mount means more than just comforting reading. The first Iowa colored girl awarded an American Cancer Society nursing scholarship came from our town.

Provincial? Hickish? Isolated?

Offhand, I can count five farm and town neighbors who have been in Europe since the end of the war. In recent months we have entertained farm youths from Holland and Greece. Those who visited Europe, and the European lads, found interested and questioning audiences as they appeared before Parent-Teacher associations, civic clubs, church groups and township gatherings of farm families. Just down the street there's a chap who was with the American Rangers in North Africa and Dieppe, and the community's filled with fellows who have ranged over the world in wartime from Iran to India. Our contribution to the UN war in Korea at the end of 1950 was two dead, six wounded in action.

One of our country doctors, Frank Bay, just this year was granted a patent on an automatic surgical irrigator. He's also on the school board, and is a volunteer fireman.

that is the typical American small town as an Iowa editor sees it

One of the most popular town and farm meeting programs of the winter was a panel discussion of the Hoover Commission Report in which two women, a banker's wife and a postmistress, and two men participated. The banker's wife, Mrs. J. E. King, is regularly in demand as a speaker on operations of the United Nations' organization and as a book critic. The postmistress, Mrs. A. E. Hollingshead, is recognized as an Iowa authority on public library administration and was the first woman to run for Congress from this southern Iowa district.

We aren't hicks.

We've got buoyancy, confidence in ourselves and our country, and romance out here in the hinterlands.

WE go to church.

In the Methodist choir I see white-thatched L. L. Smith, who is starting into his fortieth year as a piano merchant, and Sally Shaver, pert high school sophomore. There, too, is Adrienne Moser, who sang and danced for Ziegfeld and appeared with Eddie Cantor in "Kid Boots." She gives constantly of her lovely voice to churches, to public entertainments, to weddings and to funerals. Once, when I suggested she might do a better job of exploiting her talent, she stopped me with:

"The only way I can pay for the gift is by giving."

The philosophy of sharing moves beyond those back-yard paths which mark our town.

And what does the Methodist preacher, a native of Norway who saw the world while a boy as a merchant sailor, say? He's a share-the-love advocate, this Dr. G. S. Bruland. And the theme of moral preparedness as the essential foundation for progress in meeting modern prob-

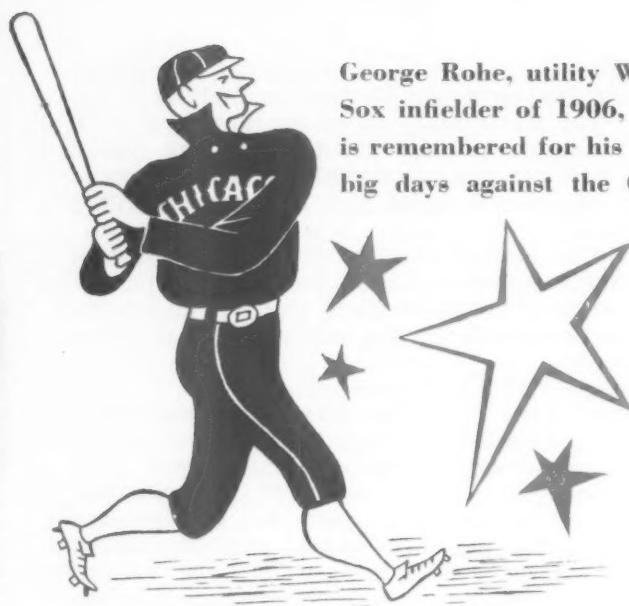
(Continued on page 74)



Banker J. E. King's wife is noted as a speaker and book critic. Daughter Carol teaches in Sunday School

Adrienne Moser appeared with Eddie Cantor in "Kid Boots." Now she's busy with social affairs





George Rohe, utility White Sox infielder of 1906, now is remembered for his four big days against the Cubs

ALL WHO

By STANLEY FRANK

BASEBALL'S annual fall classic is the game's most unpredictable clash from the standpoint of both rookies and the sport's top players

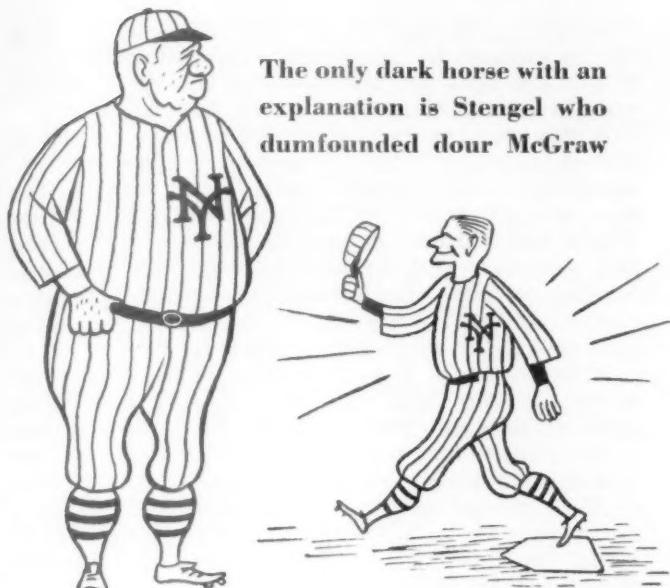
THE RUMP-SPRUNG politicians and publicity hounds cluttering up the field finally were hustled into the stands and now the contagious excitement that always accompanies the opening of a World Series surged through Shibe Park in Philadelphia. This was October, 1950, and a subtle change came over the Yankees, who had been trading pleasantries with dugout visitors, as the ground crew began to manicure the diamond. None of the Yankees starting against the Phillies was a stranger to the tension of the Series, but a sudden silence fell over the entire team, as though each man were wrestling with a private, personal problem. The mood was broken by a sports writer who dropped into the dugout to give Joe DiMaggio a good-luck handshake.

"Take it easy, kid," the fellow boomed. "It's just another ball game."

DiMaggio, who was appearing in his ninth Series, winced as though he had been struck with a whip instead of a soggy cliché.

"That's what they always tell you, 'It's just another ball game,'" DiMaggio said. "They tell it to you before your first game in pro ball, when you come up to the big leagues and before every game that can mean the pennant. You hear it so often you almost believe it. Then you get into the Series and you know it's malarkey. I don't care how many of these things a guy's been in; he always gets butterflies in his belly when he plays in a World Series."

If DiMaggio, who appears as unemotional as they



The only dark horse with an explanation is Stengel who dumfounded dour McGraw



Gionfriddo was the darling of Flatbush after taking a homer from DiMag in 1947

GLITTER ARE NOT GOLD

come, admits he still is affected by Series jitters after playing on more world championship teams than any man in history, it's a cinch all ball players are seized by the same symptoms. That helps to explain the incomprehensible busts that have marked the performance of so many great stars in the Series. Conversely, it also accounts for the even more baffling emergence of mediocre players who went crazy with the heat for a few days, then faded out of sight as abruptly as they flared into prominence.

Who will steal the spotlight in this year's Series? Almost anyone. Probably the most improbable candidate, for pressure is a two-way proposition. It crushes some men, raises others far above their normal capabilities. The Yankees' best hitter in the Series last year was Gerry Coleman, their least experienced regular, who drove in the winning run in two games, and the Phils' standout was Granny Hamner, their youngest regular. There are few genuine surprises in baseball over the course of a season. The pennant favorites usually finish on top, or close enough to make the experts look respectable, and the Williamses, Musials, Lemons, and Raschis generally wind up showing the spring sensations how the game should be played. Form goes for Sweeney, though, in the World Series—and it has been going that way for nearly 50 years.

The pattern of unpredictability was established in 1906 by George Rohe, the grandfather of all dark horses. Rohe's name has endured in baseball literature for 45 years strictly on the basis of four good days in the Series that year. A utility infielder with the White Sox, Rohe attracted as much attention as a strip-teaser's piano player. In 1905, his first season in the majors, he hit .212 and the following year he made himself popular only with opposing pitchers by belting .258.

Every opportunist must have his chance and Rohe got his a few days before the 1906 Series opened, when George Davis, the Sox' star shortstop, was put on the shelf by a stomach ailment. Fielder

Jones, the manager, shifted Lee Tannehill from third base to short and sent Rohe to the vacancy, operating on the valid theory that the kid was less of a liability there than at the more important shortstop position.

The loss of Davis was all the bookies—who flourished long before Estes Kefauver was born—needed to make the Cubs topheavy favorites. Touted as the greatest ball club ever seen, the Cubs had the Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance combination and a strong pitching staff anchored by Brown, Ruelbach and Overall. The Sox had a couple of sturdy pitchers and a group of gents who showed such remarkable restraint at the plate that they were called the "Hitless Wonders" even in that era of the dead ball. It was, the experts insisted, a joke to throw the teams into the same arena and presently it developed that they were right—with reverse English.

Rohe wasted no time whacking the Cubs and the advance dope out of shape with the fat end of his bat. The leadoff man in the Series, he belted a triple off Brown and a moment later scored one of his side's big runs in its 2-1 decision. The Cubs won the next spasm, 7-1, and were locked in a scoreless duel with the stubborn Sox in the third game when the roof fell in. O'Neil, Tannehill and Walsh singled to fill the bases with none out in the sixth. Pfeister, the Cub pitcher struck out Jones and Isbell and got two strikes on Rohe. Then Rohe socked the next pitch for a triple and all the runs the Sox needed to win, 3-0. The Cubs stayed alive by winning the next day, 1-0, but Rohe made them roll over and play dead with five hits in the two following games that wrapped up the title for the White Sox.

Having monopolized the headlines, Rohe thereafter had trouble keeping his name in the papers. As a regular in 1907, he batted an anemic .213 and was sold that winter to New Orleans. No big league club ever brought him up again.

Was Rohe a flash in the pan who happened to get hot at a particularly dramatic time? Lend

an ear to the incredible story of George Whiteman, an even more shadowy figure in the legend of the game. Whiteman had been knocking around the minors for 11 years and causing no stampede for his services when the Red Sox picked him up from Toronto in 1918. There was a war on and, as in a similar situation 25 years later, anyone who could impersonate a professional commanded a major league contract. Whiteman, strictly a run-of-the-mine player in Toronto, was more of the same in Boston during the season until he smelled the big money. Then he went out and had, unquestionably, the most spectacular Series any man ever had known. He figured in every scoring inning the Red Sox had in six games and saved two victories with circus catches. A brief summary of his exploits reads like the synopsis of a dime thriller.

In Game No. 1, Babe Ruth outpointed the Cubs' Jim Vaughn, 1-0, in a classic battle. Whiteman was the difference on two crucial plays. His single put the only run of the game in scoring position and he killed a Cubs rally with a somersaulting catch. That stab, incidentally, preserved Ruth's scoreless streak of World Series pitching until it was broken four days later after 29% consecutive shutout innings.

In Game No. 2, the Red Sox were blanked until Whiteman led off with a triple in the ninth. The Cubs won, 3-1.

In Game No. 3, Whiteman drove in both runs in Boston's 2-1 decision, then robbed Dode Paskert of a home run with a diving catch against the left field wall.

In Game No. 4, Whiteman was one of the two Red Sox on base when Ruth unloaded a triple that was the clincher in a 3-2 battle.

In Game No. 5, Whiteman had an off day. So did all the Red Sox. Vaughn licked them, 3-0.

In Game 6, the payoff, Whiteman's slashing line drive sent home all the runs the Red Sox needed to win, 2-1.

Whiteman was the people's choice in Boston. Came 1919, and where do you think the big hero was? Back in Toronto.

Bringing the record up to date, each of the last ten Series, except the 1949 exercises, produced a dark horse who contributed more to his team's success than more widely heralded stars. A comeback with precedent was made by Jimmy Wilson in 1940 when circumstances forced him to return as an active player after three years of retirement as a coach. The Reds that year began the season with three catchers, but a tragedy and an accident reduced them to a green rookie receiver on the eve of the Series with the Tigers. Wilson was past 40 and he had caught only one game in two years, but he went behind the plate to help the team in the emergency. The cruel pressure acted like a tonic on the old boy. He played errorlessly in six games, hit .353 and accounted for the only base stolen in the Series.

Marius Russo, a young southpaw who was not a regular starter in 1941, gave the Yankees a lead they never relinquished by besting Brooklyn in the third game, 2-1. Ernie White, a big league freshman, was the key man in the Cardinals' upset of the apparently invincible Yankees in 1942. His 2-0 triumph, also in the third game, was notable on

two counts. It marked the first shutout inflicted on the Yankees in Series competition since 1926 and it was the slick job that greased the skids for the only Series they have lost in the past 25 years.

A strange jinx has been dogging surprise Series heroes in recent years, as though the law of averages were working overtime to catch up with the men who flouted it. Wilson died. Both Russo and White had brilliant careers cut short by sore arms. Bill Johnson and Johnny Lindell, the Yankees' leading hitters in the Series of 1943 and '47, respectively, constantly were involved in trade rumors and eventually were shipped elsewhere.

Oddly enough, the same fate befell the prime movers in the Cardinals' last two championships, Emil Verban and Harry Walker. Both were traded to the Phillies for players who usually are throw-ins to complete deals. Verban, a freshman in 1944 with a .257 average for the season, was inspired by a curious grudge in the Series that year. He vowed he would get hunk with the Browns for giving his wife poor seats for the clambake and kept his word by belting a hot .412.

Walker, who hit the same figure against the Red Sox in '46, and drove in the winning run in the final game, was regarded as such a false alarm that he was kissed off to the second division Phils the next season. He promptly proceeded to win the National League batting title but presently wound up on the last-place Cubs with Verban pondering the devious twists of fortune in baseball.

They weren't the first to conclude that beating the head against a brick wall is a more rewarding pastime. Consider the cases of Cookie Lavagetto and Al Gionfriddo, who were on top of the world in October, 1947, and a few months later were thrown into the alley on their ears. Lavagetto was, of course, the central character in the most dramatic of all World Series incidents. He got the hit with two out in the ninth inning that not only ruined the Yankees' Floyd Bevens' bid for the first no-hitter in Series history, but won the game for the Dodgers as well. Mention of Gionfriddo probably will bring to mind the widely distributed picture of his astonishing catch of Joe DiMaggio's 415-foot drive just as it was about to clear the fence for a game-tying homer. Lavagetto got his unconditional release at the height of his popularity and Gionfriddo was waived out of the league and sent to Montreal.

Although the soulless baseball corporations are blasted for their callous treatment of the sweaty slaves, it is significant that few discarded Series stars have come back to embarrass the teams that shucked them off. Even Harry Walker, who led the league the same year the Cards unloaded him, was so unimpressive that he lasted only one more season in Philadelphia. On the other hand, some fellows who obviously performed 'way over their heads have been kept on the payroll purely on the strength of one good day.

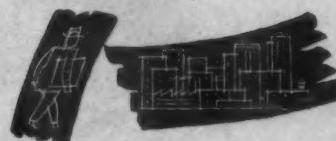
Cleveland's Steve Gromek is a typical example. Gromek pitched the game of his life in 1948 when he clinched the Series for Cleveland by beating the Braves' John Sain, 2-1. The Indians thought that game would give Gromek, a notorious in-and-outter, the confidence he needed to become a top-notcher, but they still are waiting for him to recapture the touch he had in the most important assignment that was ever given to him. (Continued on page 80)





J. W. Nicholson on right with Milwaukee's device to break tie bids

M. HANS ZIELKE



You Can Stretch City Tax Dollars

By ARTHUR W. HEPNER

WHEN THE head of the house comes home and announces that money is tight, the little woman knows exactly what to do. She shops with greater care, hunts down special bargains, checks quality and compares prices. In this way, the pinched household budget stretches further and life moves along without too much disruption.

Like the average housewife, American cities now face the reality of the shrinking dollar. Money won't buy the necessities for municipal housekeeping as easily as it once could. And, additional tax revenue is hard to tap because

taxpayers already are bearing stout burdens.

Thirty-four years ago, during the inflation of World War I, the city of Milwaukee adopted an administrative change which now enables other municipalities to keep their services reasonably constant. Under a special state law, Milwaukee placed the buying of all supplies, material and equipment needed by city departments in the hands of a single professional purchasing agent. This switch to centralized purchasing has saved the taxpayers thousands of dollars at a clip. Last year's net savings on purchases of almost \$7,000,000

reached about \$900,000—nearly 13 per cent.

Largely responsible for keeping Milwaukee's purchasing streamlined, efficient and economic is Joseph W. Nicholson, "dean of government purchasing agents." In his early 60's, Nicholson has devoted a lifetime to public service, most of it to advocating and applying sound business principles to buying for municipal use. When other cities need to cut corners on procurement, out goes a call for Joe Nicholson. And, as many have learned, he is always ready with a constructive answer.

Purchasing Agent Nicholson and

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his staff of 19 perform five major functions to save dollars for Milwaukee taxpayers. The purchasing department buys what the city needs in bulk at lower costs and also takes advantage of cash discounts; it maintains a testing laboratory to check ordered items for conformity with specifications; it runs a central warehouse to permit buying in favorable seasons and markets, and storage for future use; it salvages scrap and it handles the reproduction of forms and documents used by all city departments.

Buying is its major job. The department purchases everything from soup to nuts and bolts. The list of 60,000 items includes fireworks, whisky, babies' bathtubs, toothpicks and lamp posts, rabbits and cat whiskers. It also includes fertilizer, antifreeze, Christmas tree ornaments and Fourth of July ice cream. Among the more prosaic items bought last year were 84,000 tons of coal, 1,200,000 gallons of

tors-like room at City Hall. Each morning at 10 o'clock a bell clangs loudly. Nicholson, his assistant, Andrew Lehrbaumer, a stenographer and a department head or two take seats at a table in the presence of two trade press reporters who carry the proceedings to the public. For the next several minutes the group studies bids submitted for various items by numerous suppliers and makes awards, or recommends awards to the Central Board of Purchases, on the basis of the lowest, most responsible bids. Dealers often take advantage of the right to attend to keep tabs on the competition.

All purchases are made through solicitation of bids. For items costing more than \$2,000, a formal sealed bid has to be presented, and is subject to board review. To protect the taxpayer against collusion, graft or fraud, bids must be received and time-stamped at Nicholson's office before the bell rings at ten. Late bids are ineli-

shouted. "I didn't hear it read. It was the lowest of the lot."

Nicholson quietly suggested they look for it and everybody in the room futilely combed the accumulated papers and even cleaned the floor. As they searched, the man uttered an embarrassed discovery:

"My God! Here it is in my pocket. I guess I forgot to mail it."

Another frustrated bidder was fit to fire his secretary. He had ordered her to mail his bid "special delivery" to guarantee arrival well in advance of the appointed hour. The bid never showed up. He later found the bid in his own desk drawer. "I'm sorry," his secretary explained. "I didn't have a special delivery stamp so I figured I'd better not mail it."

Nicholson believes that professional purchasing agents can save cities on the average up to 15 per cent by knowing the ins, outs and short cuts of procurement. A trained purchaser, he says, knows the best sources of supply, keeps records of suppliers, knows when to buy and understands the value of getting departments to standardize their requirements so he may purchase in the largest possible lots. A number of years ago, he recalls, Milwaukee paid \$1,200 a year for insurance against burglary, robbery and theft. By setting up standard specifications and soliciting bids in terms of them, the premium dropped in three successive years to \$800, \$600 and then to \$400—a saving of two thirds.

Standardizing the specifications saves money every time, Nicholson maintains. The price of cleaning powder dropped from an average of 17 cents to four cents a pound once Milwaukee drew up its specifications. Similarly, spark plugs purchased for 21 cents cost 55 to 75 cents on the open market. By buying gasoline in bulk to specification, the city has been saving an extra five cents a gallon.

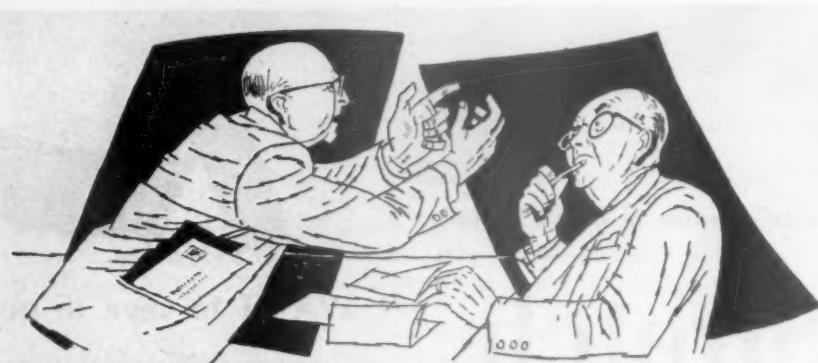
Price is only one factor, Nicholson holds; quality is on the other side of the coin. The city tests all purchases on a sample basis regularly. As a reminder that the city is interested in quality along with price, Nicholson keeps the following bit of doggerel handy for any bidder to see, hoping it will inspire the dealer ready to sacrifice value to get in with a bottom price:

"There never was a product
made,

This truth you must confess,
But what some bird can make it
worse,

And sell his *junk* for less."

Spurred on by Milwaukee's ex-
(Continued on page 60)



Opening of sealed bids sometimes leads to surprise results

gasoline and 750,000 sheets of typing paper.

By law, Nicholson is required to buy only for city departments. But in practice, he allows three suburban communities, the nearby city of Racine and various metropolitan school boards and sewage commissions to come along for the ride. This saves the smaller units thousands of dollars, too, as they tag on Milwaukee's heels to reap the benefits of volume buying.

To efficiency-minded businessmen, centralized purchasing is old hat. But municipal authorities are just beginning to learn that it is, in the opinion of former New York City Commissioner of Purchases Russell Forbes, "neither a fad nor a theory but a combination of logic and economics." Centralized purchasing for the city constitutes, Forbes has said, "a sentry at the tax exit gate."

In Milwaukee, the sentry keeps watch largely in a board-of-direct-

ors. In every action, Nicholson is responsible to the Central Board of Purchases, itself under the control of the Common Council.

In cases of ties, the local bidder, if there is one, gets preference. But Milwaukee does not limit solicitation to local dealers. It shops everywhere for price and quality.

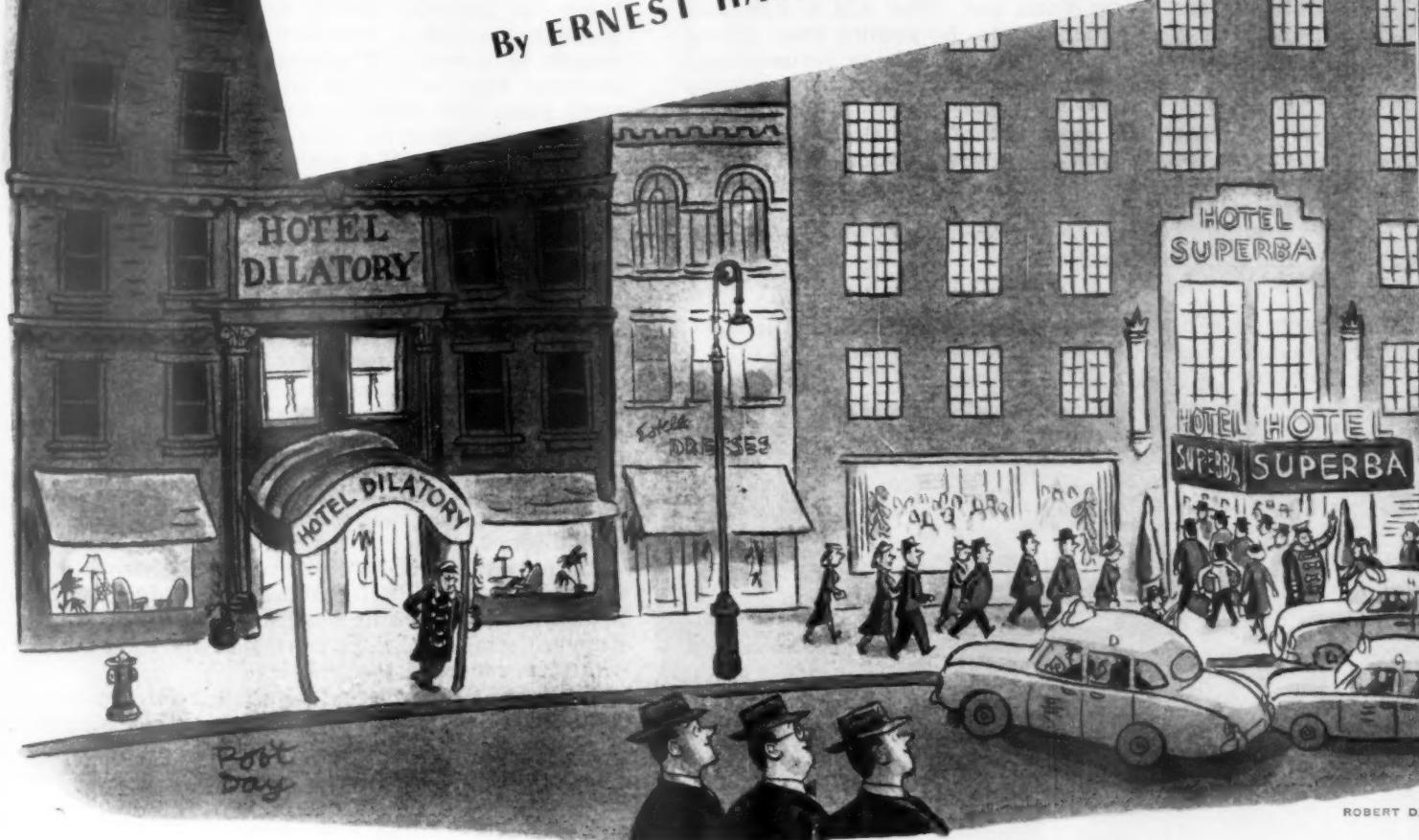
When a tie is otherwise insoluble, Nicholson relies on a machine his department has perfected. It resembles a lottery box—"the only legal gambling device in the state," Nicholson beams. He places little numbered pills in a container which is spun around. As the spinning slackens, a hatch is opened. The number on the one pill which slips into the hatch determines the lucky bidder.

Opening of sealed bids occasionally gives rise to righteous indignation. Nicholson tells of a dealer who got hot under the collar after a group of bids was opened.

"Where the hell is mine?" he

Headaches Get 6,000 Greetings

By ERNEST HAVEMANN



Unless a hotel can be 80 per cent rented, it stands to lose

HERE is a trade association that pooled brains and efforts and turned a losing business into a thriving one

THREE millionaires wanted to get rid of their money as fast as possible before they died.

"I'm going to start playing the horses," said the first millionaire.

"I have an even faster way," said the second. "I'm going to draw out all my money in thousand dollar bills, take them up in an airplane and dump them out."

"You're both too slow for me," said the third millionaire. "I'm going to buy a hotel!"

As any hotel man will be glad to testify, there was once a lot more truth than poetry in that story. A hotel is one of the world's strangest business investments. There it sits—its rooms, its furnishings, its dining halls. When business is good there is no way to expand it. When times are bad there is no way to cut down. In good years and bad the rooms are there, and unless they can be kept about 80 per cent rented the hotel is bound to lose money.

The dining room can have customers waiting in line and still operate in the red—and, of course, the customers do not always flock in. It is subject to all the capricious whims of the out-of-town guests, who may or may not show up that day, and the local trade, which may or may not decide to dine out. A noted hotel man once said, "If I could go into my dining room before each meal, hand every customer a dollar and ask him to eat somewhere else, I'd save money!"

In the 1930's about four hotels out of every five

were broke. Some of the new ones went bankrupt before they could open their doors. Or, if they got the doors open, they found that the sheriff was the first customer—and often the last. You could have bought just about any hotel in the nation for a few thousand dollars down—had you been foolish enough to buy it at all.

Yet today business is fine, even better than the general prosperity level would indicate. From one of the surest ways of going broke, the hotel has been turned into one of the surest routes to success. Hotel keeping has progressed from dubious gamble to exact science.

The great difference is the American Hotel Association, a model trade association which has gone a long way toward proving that in business 6,000 heads are better than one. The A.H.A. has that number of member-hotels. By pooling their brains and their efforts, the members have turned hotel keeping from a penance to a pleasure, from poverty to profit.

Recently the manager of a little 10-room inn called the 1808 House, in New Ipswich, N. H., sent a long letter to A.H.A. headquarters. He had some problems, and he needed help:

What was the best time of year for a hotel like his to do its advertising?



A leak was found by listening before dawn

What percentage of gross income should go into the ad budget?

How could he set up the most efficient and economical accounting system for his hotel?

Was it more efficient to pay employees weekly, every two weeks or once a month?

What kind of slipcover material is the most durable?

For enlarging his dining room, would the enclosed construction plan drawn up by his local architect prove practicable?

In reply the inn manager received some 15,000 words of advice, constituting one of the biggest bargains in American business history. For it so hap-

pens that the inn pays exactly \$5 a year for its membership in the A.H.A.

Close to the other extreme in size is the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, which is also a member. Under the sliding dues scale, the Waldorf-Astoria pays \$1 for each of its 1,800 rooms, or \$1,800 a year. The Waldorf, of course, is hardly in need of any advice on accounting, payroll or construction problems.

But even this big hotel finds the A.H.A. a useful source of information. Recently it sent in samples of 20 products—cleaners, polishers and the like—for an analysis and evaluation by the A.H.A. laboratory. It now knows which of the 20 are good buys, and which are not.

The A.H.A. has set up a clearinghouse for everything the industry should know. By cooperating through the A.H.A., member hotels now have the benefit of a research laboratory, a couple of accounting firms and a law firm specializing in hotel work, and all the good ideas which various members have thought up in all their years of experience. In other words, the A.H.A. gives the little businessman all the benefits of a big business firm.

In the aggregate, it should be stated, hotel keeping is a big operation. The A.H.A. figures that the business grosses about \$5,000,000,000 a year and is the nation's seventh largest.

Together, our 15,000 hotels do some spectacular things. For example, they buy about \$721,000,000 a year worth of food and drink. They spend \$35,000,000 a year on carpets, and \$9,500,000 a year on sheets and pillow cases. They even spend \$1,000,000 a year for electric toasters.

But no single person in the business is big by himself. The typical hotel is quite small; of all hotels in the nation, less than one out of nine has as many as 100 rooms. Even the "chains" are smaller than commonly supposed. There are 165 of these chains, ranging from the well publicized Hilton group to little syndicates owning a couple of small-town inns. Among them, the chains control fewer than a fifth of all the rooms in the country.

The hotel keeper is really a little businessman in a big pool, and as such he has never been master of his own fate. During the 1920's, when business was good, prosperity nearly killed the industry. Every big-city financial promoter decided to back a new hotel, and every town and hamlet decided to have a hotel of its own. Everybody got into the act. More than 2,000 new hotels were built around the nation. In Chicago alone the number of rooms was doubled. Even without the depression, the hotel industry would have been in trouble in the 1930's because of overbuilding.

Hardly had the depression lifted when the industry had to face wartime shortages. Hotel business seemed to be booming—as anyone who ever tried to make a reservation in those days will recall—but the hotels were in trouble just the same.

In fact the boom was not always what it seemed. There were more empty rooms than the customer would ever have guessed from talking to the desk clerk—only the rooms were "out of order." Sometimes a whole wing had to be closed off for lack of equipment or of maids to clean the rooms. For a typical example, there is the case of the LaSalle Hotel in Chicago. Once at the height of the room shortage, when patrons were clamoring in the lobby, no fewer than 163 rooms went unoccupied for ten days in a row because no clean bed linens were available!

Many hotels were doing so much government

Let a problem come up in hotel business and A.H.A. experts go to work



business that they hardly had any time for civilians. Once the Army booked every room in a medium-sized San Francisco hotel for five days, for the use of nurses shipping to the Pacific. The shipping orders got confused and the nurses stayed for five weeks instead of five days. The hotel had to cancel its other reservations and turn away all civilian business—and do it without a word of explanation because the nurses were a military secret.

The manpower problem probably was worse for the hotel man than for anybody else. One manager of a New York hotel actually stood on a street corner, begging passers-by to go to work for him. Numerous managers often spent their evenings washing the dining room dishes; nobody else would take the job. Five New York hotels wound up with women in the job of chief engineer.

Hotel managers had a hard time getting dishwashers, maids, firemen, bed sheets, laundry service, meat, any kind of food that could be sold at the break-even point (much less at a profit), and even such a simple necessity as knives and forks. Everybody wanted hotel rooms—especially the Government—but nobody was willing to help.

Under these circumstances the American Hotel Association was born, or rather reborn. Actually the hotels had had some sort of trade association ever since 1879, but like many business groups its purpose was mostly social. In fact, hotel men being even more gregarious than most, it was almost notorious for its lack of serious work.

In the early history of the organization there is said to have been only one convention that accomplished anything. That was in 1915, when the meeting was managed by the late E. M. Statler, founder of the Statler chain. He hired a Great Lakes steamer, got all the delegates aboard and refused to put back to land until they had got their work done.

In 1942, however, the A.H.A. turned serious. At that year's convention the unhappy, shortage-ridden, overworked delegates pledged \$35,000 from the floor as a start on a big-time budget. The association expanded its offices, brought in a West Coast live wire named Charles A. Horworth to serve as executive vice president, and began to hum.

One thing that was driving hotel men crazy was that they had to understand, remember and abide by the rulings of no fewer than 50 separate wartime government agencies. The A.H.A. coded the rules into a quick and relatively easy digest.

It persuaded the Government to loosen up on some of the restrictions that were keeping the hotels from buying essential materials—including the knives and forks badly needed if they were to continue serving meals. It began to collect and pass along all possible shortcuts, ways of saving time, materials, man-hours and money.

What had to be done in wartime turned out also to be a good idea in peacetime. In fact it had become such a pleasure by 1946 that the hotel industry never would have abandoned the idea anyway. Today the most prominent members of the industry are happy to serve as committeemen, committee chairmen and advisory experts—jobs that take much time and effort and pay nothing.

A man chosen as an advisory expert may have to travel all around the nation on association business; he may wind up spending more time at other hotels than at his own. One of these men—who happens also to be president of one of the biggest New York hotels—has said, "If we spent half as much time working on our own problems as the association's, we'd all be millionaires."

As a result the A.H.A. now knows practically as much about the hotel business as Einstein does about mathematics. Some of the information is more picturesque than useful; for example, its files solemnly record the fact that 30 per cent of southern hotels still provide a spittoon in each room. But much of the information is helping each day to make everybody in the business more prosperous.

A big midwestern hotel recently discovered that its water meter was showing thousands of gallons more than normal. There was a leak somewhere—a big leak—and it was costing a lot of money. The hotel's engineer set out in search of it. He went over every pipe in the water system and found nothing.

The engineer searched again. Still nothing. The mysterious and expensive drain on the water meter continued. The hotel *(Continued on page 86)*



NATION'S BUSINESS SHORT STORY OF THE MONTH

Not to Be Ashamed

By THAYER CULVER

WHEN Joe Nelson left the doctor's office that cold Minnesota-winter day he knew that he would finally go to California. He and Mama would leave the house that had cherished them for 31 years and go where the sun could creep into his bones, where he could keep on doing the carpentry work he loved so well, where he could expect his 57 years to stretch into 80.

Mama's pale blue eyes didn't change when Joe told her what the doctor had said. Her head, wreathed in gray-gold braids, nodded and then she turned back to the lutfish she was lifting out of a pan of lye water. "When will we leave, Joe?"

"I'll write to Stephen tonight," he said. "As soon as he has a place for us I guess we can start."

Stephen was Joe's brother who lived in California. He was a grip in the construction department at a picture company. Joe didn't know what a grip was, but he did know that Stephen had a new car every year and a nice house for his family. Stephen had tried to persuade Joe to come out to California many times.

"Why do you stay in that country with such cold weather?" he would write. "You wouldn't have to worry about work here. I can get you a job at the studio. The union steward is a friend of mine."

Joe didn't want to leave Mankato. He and Mama were happy in their warm, quiet life. Joe feared starting all over in a strange place. He had worked hard for the security of his reputation as one of the best cabinetmakers in town. When people called him for a job they would say, "We want you to do it, Joe. If you can't start now, we'll wait. Just let us know when you'll be available."

If a builder needed a Dutch fireplace, he thought of Joe Nelson right away. There was no one in Mankato who could build a Dutch fireplace like Joe Nelson.

Joe and Mama didn't reveal their regrets to each other as they stoically tore up their roots. While Mama packed the dishes and linens, the corner of her apron found its way to her tears often; yet her eyes were clear when she asked Joe which boxes should be shipped and which could go into the trunk of the car. Joe's last days with his old friends were hearty ones. He sat in their kitchens drinking beer and laughing at oft-told stories. But always there, just beneath the laughter, was an ache. He tried to hide it from Mama by bringing home maps and drawing pencil lines across them for the different routes.

Many times they had talked about a trip out West.

"Some day, Mama," Joe would promise, "we'll go to the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone Park and see those big trees you can drive through—the redwoods."

But the glaring brilliance of the West was strange to them and only brought into dearer memory the lush, cool green of their home. On the rim of the Canyon, Joe put his arm around his wife. "My, Mama," he said softly, "that really is something."

"Yah, Joe," she agreed. There seemed to be nothing else to say.

They spent their first week in California getting settled in the house Stephen had found for them. It was a shining white little house and, although Stephen had just painted all of the rooms, Mama scrubbed it from top to bottom. Joe went out to the studio with Stephen, met some of his brother's friends and was hired as a carpenter.

The day he started to work, Joe walked through the guarded gates of the studio carrying his beloved toolbox. The best tools to be had, Joe owned. He kept them in a box he had made himself from some pieces of mahogany left over from a fireplace job. Joe was proud of his toolbox and what it contained, as all fine carpenters are.

That first morning he reported to the lot foreman who introduced

H
him all around to the section foreman, the gang foreman and some of the other carpenters. They went right to work on the exterior of an Adams' house.

Joe's initiation was one of amazement. Everything went so fast. The pre-cut lumber came in from the mill on big four-wheel carts and immediately was doled out to the different gangs who started in furiously.

Joe had collected the necessary hardware and was preparing to hang a door when foreman Murphy walked over to him.

"Hey, Nelson, you don't need screws for that."

Joe looked at the man, surprised.

"Just use straight nails and a bullet catch for this work," Murphy ordered.

With a puzzled frown Joe said, "But a door should be hung with screws."

"Well, that's not the way we do it here. It's going to be taken apart in a couple of weeks and we don't want it too strong."

Murphy laid a friendly hand on Joe's shoulder.

"I like good carpentry as well as anyone but look, Nelson," he explained, "this is make-believe. No one will ever see this place—only a picture of it. So just use nails from now on, everywhere. You'll get used to it."

"Yes, sir," Joe nodded. The door bothered him all day but he did as Murphy ordered.

That night, as Mama carried the plate of meat balls to the table, she asked excitedly, "Well, Joe, tell me about today. Did you see any movie stars?"

Joe covered a slice of bread with gravy. "I don't know, Mama."

"Why, Joe, what do you mean?" she protested. "You must have seen some movie stars. They're there, aren't they?"

"I don't know," he repeated. "There were a lot of funny looking people around with wigs and painted faces, but I don't know who they were."

"Oh, Joe, why didn't you look so that you could tell me about them?" All the excitement was draining from Mama's faded blue eyes. "Don't you see them when you work?"

"No, Mama. They weren't around us. We build a room and then the next day they take a picture in it. Then after that someone comes and tears it down."

Mama poured the coffee and sat

The puzzled watchman asked him,
"How come you're working late?"



FRED SIEBEL

down disappointedly. "Well, I think that's just terrible."

"I'm sorry, Mama, but they all looked alike to me."

"Well," she ate silently for a moment. "Well, how is the work?"

Always at supper Mama heard the successes and defeats of Joe's day, but now he only said, "It's all right." In the weeks that followed Mama was to become accustomed to silent suppers.

One nail where three are needed. Work all day at a fast pace. Eat your lunch quickly so you are back in time. Punch a time clock every morning and every night. Joe had never punched a time clock in his life.

INSTINCTIVELY, Mama asked Joe less and less about his work at the studio. At supper, over his favorite dishes, Mama repeated bits of newsy letters from friends in Mankato, marveled at the clothes dried in an hour in the backyard's sun, talked about driving to the mountains over the week end. Then Joe would take his pipe and walk out onto the porch to smoke.

He wished he could explain to Mama what was wrong but from her surprise when he brought home his first pay check, Joe knew that Mama thought his work must be very important. "For one week, Joe?" she had exclaimed, her light eyes round with wondrous pride in him. Now how could he tell her that he, Joe Nelson, wasn't pleasing his boss?

Every time Murphy stopped him in the middle of a job to show him the right way to do something, Joe suffered bewildered embarrassment. He couldn't remember anyone ever questioning his skill.

Although Murphy didn't want the slow perfection of an artisan, and although Joe tried to follow orders, every time he drove a double-headed nail he was sickened by the thought that whatever he was building would soon be dead; and when he wasn't being watched, Joe tried to give his day's labor its old immortality.

Away from the studio he enjoyed playing checkers with Stephen again, or driving along the ocean with Mama on soft, cool evenings. But as the weeks went by Joe found himself thinking more and more of their life back in Minnesota; how every Sunday after he and Mama had eaten their midday dinner, they put on their good clothes and went for a ride in the car.

They would drive around Mankato looking at all the houses Joe had built. Just seeing the children

playing in the yards gave Joe a big, deep happy feeling. All the carpenters Joe knew did the same thing. It was a ritual with them.

Here, although at first there were many places to see, Joe returned from their Sunday drives with a sense of loss. There was nothing to tie him to the community. It was as if he were seeing everything through an unfamiliar window. There was nothing to show to Mama here—nothing that he had done—nothing he was proud of.

At the studio, Joe went on about his job, building for a week instead of for a lifetime, and feeling his frustration increase.

The other carpenters were agreeable but Joe was disturbed by their attitude. They were thorough and fast, yet their devotion to their craft was based on something Joe couldn't understand. They found little pride in the movements of their hands, unless it was in the winning of a quick poker game during the break for lunch. He was the stranger among them.

Then one morning Joe was ordered to report to a stage where an interior set was to be built. It was a large Colonial room and there in the middle of the back wall was an unfinished square, a place for a fireplace. The foreman stood in the middle of the room and told the men what was expected of them. A window here, bookshelves there, and on that wall, that back wall, a Dutch fireplace.

JOE was about to step forward to tell Murphy that he was pretty good at Dutch fireplaces when Murphy pointed at him.

"You handle this fireplace, Nelson?" he asked.

Joe responded eagerly, "Yes, sir!"

"Okay, you and Martin take it."

Joe felt cheated. He wanted Murphy to know that he'd picked the right man, that he would get a darned good fireplace for all his disconcern. But Murphy was already halfway across the stage, talking with the section foreman.

Joe walked over to Martin who was spreading out his tools. They were a good set but they weren't the prizes that Joe's toolbox held. As Martin unfolded the blueprinted instructions and began studying the construction details, Joe said what he hadn't said to Murphy.

"Listen, Martin, I can do this alone. I've done hundreds of them before—guess you'd say they're my specialty."

Martin looked up, unimpressed

but interested. "I don't know nothing about them—never put one together."

"Well, why don't you let me do it and you can help some of the others?"

"Okay by me." Martin joined a group of carpenters by the bookshelves and Joe set up for the job. He sanded down the base and put on the plaster hearth that was provided. All the time he felt sick inside. When the pieces came in from the mill, his disgust mounted. They were pine. How could he work wood like this into a Dutch fireplace?

Throughout the day as Joe worked, following the specifications, he remembered the fine Dutch fireplaces he had built back home. The sick feeling grew in him steadily. At three o'clock the fireplace was, according to the blueprints, finished.

Joe was miserable. He stood sadly by the mantel, rubbing it to a satin finish, taking off little rough spots in the obscure places, doing a lot of touching considered highly unnecessary by studio requirements.

WHEN four o'clock came and work abruptly ceased all around him, Joe packed his tools carefully in his toolbox and followed the crew off the stage to the time clock. Dropping his card through the slot, Joe thought he might have to hurry to the men's room the sickness was so strong. Instead, he turned and walked back to the stage.

"Just once more," he told himself. "Just once more I'll build the Dutch fireplace right."

It was easy work taking the fireplace apart; it was only pine. In half an hour the bare wall looked as it had that morning.

From lumber that had been left on the set, Joe picked out some hard wood and shaped and fashioned it to his needs, rejoicing in its quality.

The bracing went in smoothly and quickly. Joe had never had less trouble fitting things. He didn't think about Mama worrying at home nor about the supper he'd forgotten. He was conscious only of doing what he loved. Once again he had warm pride in his skill. His happiness grew as the thing shaped up under his fingers. He was Joe Nelson, Carpenter. He could build the Dutch fireplace as good as any you could find anywhere. Maybe better.

So engrossed was he in his work that it was a few minutes before

(Continued on page 68)



Congress Will Listen if the Story's Good

By DON YOUNG

A WITNESS was urging the House Ways and Means Committee to extend the Reciprocal Trade Agreements program. As he made his case, a committee member interrupted:

"Are you familiar with House Resolution 231?"

"No, I don't believe I am," the witness replied.

"Well, you ought to be. It's the bill introduced by the chairman of this committee to do what you are asking us to do," the committeeman barked.

"Oh, I see," was the lame reply.

The businessman was an official of a trade association. He had forgotten one of the most fundamental, yet simple, preparations he should have made. He at least should have glanced at the bill on which the hearings were based.

Yet it typified the carelessness with which some people prepare to go before a congressional committee.

They fail to realize that the success—or possibly failure—of just one major witness can tip the scales. The authoritative testimony of a witness creates a psychology affecting the entire congressional debate which leads to enactment of a bill into law.

Such a witness finds himself quoted effectively in many places.

The experience of the trade agreements program witness had a double-barreled effect. It rattled him and his answers to some of the subsequent questions reflected his embarrassment. Then, too, it

seemed to create a doubt in the minds of committee members as to his sincerity and ability.

Congressional committee procedures follow a general pattern, even though they differ considerably in detail. But the variation is not so great as to permit grave errors either of omission or commission. A committee generally is composed of at least semi-experts in the field of legislation before them; some are even highly skilled both as to subject matter and as to detail.

A committee calls a hearing 1, to obtain much-needed information, 2, to determine whether the pro, or con, arguments are the more persuasive, or



THE kind of bill lawmakers pass can depend on the information given committees in hearings. The man with the right answers is a potent factor

3, to make an official record on which subsequent action can be based.

In any event, most of the committee members have read the bill; many have studied it carefully; all are familiar with the history of the legislation in previous sessions of Congress. In all cases, the committee staff—the clerk and technical aids—has examined it carefully and is ready to help members develop pertinent questions.

Take the case of another witness.

A recognized leader among his business associates, he appeared before the Ways and Means Committee on a tax increase bill. There was a fanfare of advance publicity. Helpers scurried around the big hearing room distributing copies of his mimeographed statement. They went first, of course, to the press tables, then through the audience.

The man sat down in the witness chair and carefully read what turned out to be a well organized brief abounding in catchy phrases and headline words. He finished with a slight flourish: "job well done" was written all over his face. It seemed to him that that was all there was to it.

But the inevitable questions started coming. At first, they were routine. They sought elaboration of certain points in the prepared statement. The witness did not know enough about his subject to give helpful answers; he was eva-

sive. The questions became more persistent and pointed as opponents of the witness' point of view saw that their man was vulnerable. Finally, one of them asked, in effect:

"Did you prepare this statement?"

"Well, no, not entirely."

"Who did?"

"Some of my associates."

That performance was the talk of the Capitol cloakrooms for days.

These two "horrible examples"—and others that could be cited—cause a committee to wonder sometimes whether hearings are worth the long hours that they require.

And they present a serious challenge to businessmen who participate in government. And participate they must in these days when big government so vitally affects their everyday operations.

That applies to the individual as well as to his trade association, chamber of commerce, or industrial group. He has just as many rights, and is welcomed by the committee just as cordially, as the organization with which he is affiliated—especially when he can build up his testimony on specific facts and figures. The only time he is at a disadvantage is when an extraordinary number of witnesses request time to be heard.

It is up to the individual, of course, to make his first contacts with the committee, arrange a date to appear, prepare his own

statement, and take his chances on actually appearing. He can get help from his own senators or representative and their staffs. A call from a staff member to a committee saying, in effect, "The senator would like to have you schedule one of his constituents, Mr. Jones, early in your hearings—" has a way of getting things done.

Some trade associations keep a long "check list" of things that must be done before they send their witnesses to Capitol Hill. Some of these things may seem superfluous, yet checking them all may avoid embarrassment.

To begin with, after a committee announces that hearings on a certain bill will be held on a given date, the trade association must formally apply in writing for an opportunity to be heard. The letter should request an approximation of the date so that conversations may begin with one or more businessmen who may become the association's witness.

The association experts then begin casting about for a suitable man. He must be familiar with the subject and the association's views; must have experience with the problem at hand and, of course, be available.

Simultaneously, the association experts begin organizing the testimony material. Outside technicians are consulted; the history of the issue is gone into, association policies restudied.

While all this is going on, the



association tries to get an appearance date established. Government witnesses are heard first, then outside witnesses. Proponents of the legislation come first, then opponents.

Frequently much jockeying takes place before a definite date is set. A trade association should know the order of other witnesses on the day its man appears, and should find out whether the committee wants copies of the final statement submitted 24 hours or 48 hours in advance. This is to give the committee and its staff time to study it. That is a requirement stipulated by the 1946 Legislative Reorganization Act.

By this time the first draft of the testimony has been finished. More conferences follow. A second draft takes shape, incorporating desired changes. Additional versions follow the same pattern.

Bearing in mind the committee's 24 or 48-hour rule, a final draft is readied.

The witness usually comes to Washington a day in advance so that he may attend one hearing as a spectator. In this way he can study the committee members, listen to the questions, get "acclimated." He also should study a small picture book of committee members so that he may be able to address them by name.

But, most important of all, he should devote time to a rehearsal with his trade association staff before going before the committee. Staff experts should prepare him for five minutes or two hours before the committee. Arrangements

usually are made to have technicians sit with the witness at the hearing. Telephone calls should be made to the witness' senators and representative—whether they are members of the particular committee or not—to inform them that he is in town.

From that point on, the witness is on his own. When he is called, he may read his entire statement or he may be asked to file it for the record and submit to questions. Or he may read the statement amid constant interruptions from the members. In any event, the presentation becomes a part of the hearings which eventually are printed in book-size form for anyone's information.

The good witness will answer questions directly, not hesitating to say, if occasion demands, "I don't know the answer to that one, senator, but I will get the information and send it to you and the committee."

The versatility, demeanor and personality of the witness go far toward determining whether his appearance is a success or a flop. The best testimony can be ruined by a poor presentation.

One business executive came from the Middle West to discuss with the House Labor Committee a phase of labor relations involved in pending legislation. It was a subject with which he was familiar insofar as it applied to his own business. When committee members asked him a theoretical question, he did not—and could not—give a general answer. But he won the day when he said that "in my

company back home," the proposition would work badly.

Another businessman went before a Senate labor subcommittee to discuss creation of a commission on ethics which would suggest ways and means of improving the conduct of government officials—especially at the top levels. The issue admittedly was difficult to argue effectively, without seeming to ask, "Have you stopped beating your wife?" But the witness did better than average.

During the questioning, one senator edged close to the question of ethics in business, especially in its dealings with government.

"This is not a matter that just pertains to people in government, whether it be legislative or whether it be administrative," the witness replied quite frankly. "It does apply to the whole cross section of our society. Certainly all of us can think of many acts on the part of business that we are not proud of. I think it behooves us all to live under it to the fullest degree we can, just as if we had taken the oath."

Again, under questioning about "lavish entertainment" by business firms in World War II, the witness replied with equal candor:

"I don't think there is any question but that some of those things went too far."

After the witness finished his testimony, and the questions and answers, one veteran on Capitol Hill gave this appraisal of the reaction of committee members:

"He killed them with kindness, and they didn't know what to do about it."

Then there was the executive who appeared before the full Sen-

(Continued on page 70)

Authoritative testimony delivered with sincerity and purpose often can affect the entire congressional debate





PHOTOS: LOS ANGELES FIRE DEPARTMENT

LOS ANGELES, the turgid, sprawling metropolis of the West Coast, has a lively fire problem. The city has been growing like Jack's beanstalk, adding new factories, new residences—and new fire hazards—by the hundreds. Further complications are afforded by oil wells and refineries, a swiftly expanding dock area and four ranges of mountains topped with timber as dry, some months, as a withered wheat stalk.

But Los Angeles' fire chief isn't looking for the nearest sanitarium. Actually, fire losses last year, in terms of dollars, were down about 12 per cent. Residential fires have decreased, insurance rates have declined. And, there has been a 30 per cent reduction in false alarms.

"Something must be happening," a fireman at one of L.A.'s

Top hazard spotter of the city becomes chief engineer of the junior department. Winner and runners-up receive badges, get a ride on a fire engine with sirens going, and practice jumps on a firemen's net

When Kids Come In, the



bigger and busier station houses observed recently, in some puzzlement. "We haven't rolled a wheel in the last two days."

Something is happening. In Los Angeles and many other cities throughout the United States and Alaska, Billy Jones, 11, and his sister Susie, ten, have been recruited in the never-ending battle against fire. Organized by local fire departments, schools and various civic groups into junior fire-fighting brigades, Billy and Susie Joneses all across the land are taking the gospel of fire prevention into the homes.

Kids by the thousands are poking through their own houses and those of their neighbors, looking for piles of oily rags and frayed lamp cords. They run poor Mrs. Jones ragged until she gets rid of the oily rags, and give poor Mr. Jones no peace until he replaces the lamp cord.

That is the main job of America's pint-sized fire fighters—eliminating hazards where 90 per cent of all fires start—in the home. Each year the total of these home hazard corrections runs into the

THE WAY to cut losses, some fire departments are finding, is to teach the children to eliminate hazards. The junior fire-fighting brigades carry preventive measures right into the homes

millions. Not all the hazards would result in fires if left untended. But if only a fraction of them might otherwise turn into tragedy, the kids still would be worth their weight in fire engines.

Nor are the junior firemen concerned solely with hazards at home. In their classrooms, with local fire departments helping out in the instruction, the youngsters study the whole broad field of fire safety. In October, when the leaves are falling and the grass dries up, they alert their neighbors to the dangers of brush blazes. After the December holidays, they help local firemen gather up old Christmas trees and conduct safe, ceremonial burnings.

Moreover, the children are mak-

ing the nation's grownups fire-prevention-conscious as never before. In Boston, says Herbert L. McNary, executive manager of the Board of Fire Underwriters, "we know that the children influence their parents and adults to a degree not otherwise obtained. These parents and adults carry the lessons learned from the children into their daily occupations."

Result: A marked decrease in industrial fires since Boston's junior fire program started three years ago.

The kids, of course, don't rate all the credit for declining losses in cities like Boston and Los Angeles. Much of the credit goes to tightened efficiency on the part of fire departments and more concen-

Fires Go Out

By JOSEPH STOCKER



trated effort all along the prevention front. But wherever the junior fire departments operate, they have wrought their own bit of prevention magic.

Anchorage, Alaska, learned this summer that it hadn't had a fire at a grade school child's home since last October. Property owners received a dividend in the form of a 20 per cent cut in insurance rates.

In Dallas, according to Fire Capt. H. L. Futch, "many lives and hundreds of thousands of dollars in property have been saved by the work done by our school children." Fifty-five thousand of them, in 71 different schools, participated last year in the activities of Dallas' 11-year-old Junior Fire Prevention Council.

And Dallas' Civitan Club has won the Founders Trophy of Civitan International two consecutive years for its sponsorship of the local junior brigade.

Sharp-eyed Los Angeles kids spotted and eliminated no less than 146,825 fire hazards during a brisk inspection campaign last spring. The fire department estimates the annual saving to taxpayers at about \$60,000.

Boston youngsters take the sting out of an average of 40,000 hazards every year. The children have been so effective that Rep. John W. McCormack of Massachusetts was moved to make a speech about them in Congress.

He said they have done their work so well that in 1948 Boston showed the greatest improvement of any large city in the country in reduced building fires per 1,000 population.

"Even more important," declared McCormack, "there has been a sharp decrease in the number of deaths due to fire, especially involving children."

Tucson, Ariz., is another graphic case in point. This dry desert city receives approximately enough rain per annum to wet a robin's feet.

Yet, in 1949, when a junior fire department was organized under the leadership of Fire Capt. H. M. Danielson, Tucson's fire losses skidded from \$336,000 the previous year to \$47,000—lowest in a decade. Last year they dropped off another \$5,500. City officials say there is little doubt but that Tucson's junior fire fighters had much to do with it.

And, if there was ever any question of the youngsters' efficacy, the situation in Tucson's Pascua Village would have disposed of the matter.

Pascua Village, located on raw, brown desert at the edge of town, is a drab little community where the Yaqui Indians live. Many of their homes are crudely improvised affairs of scrap lumber, tarpaper and cardboard, needing only a match to transform them into

rubble. Fires were commonplace, and the Yaquis would watch, grim and impassive, while the blackened remains of a neighbor were hauled from the ruins of a burned house.

Then a junior fire-fighting unit was organized at Richey School attended by the Yaqui children. Last year there was only one fire in the village. It was at the home of an elderly woman who had no children attending Richey School.

At another of Tucson's schools, the junior fire-fighting program curbed a potential juvenile delinquent. The lad in question was showing promise of becoming a charge of the juvenile court when he developed an interest in the junior fire outfit at his school. His first move was to recruit five of his buddies for the fire-fighting brigade and he himself became busy uncovering combustible rubbish and screenless fireplaces.

In still another part of town, a zealous Mexican-American youngster needled his father into rewiring the entire house.

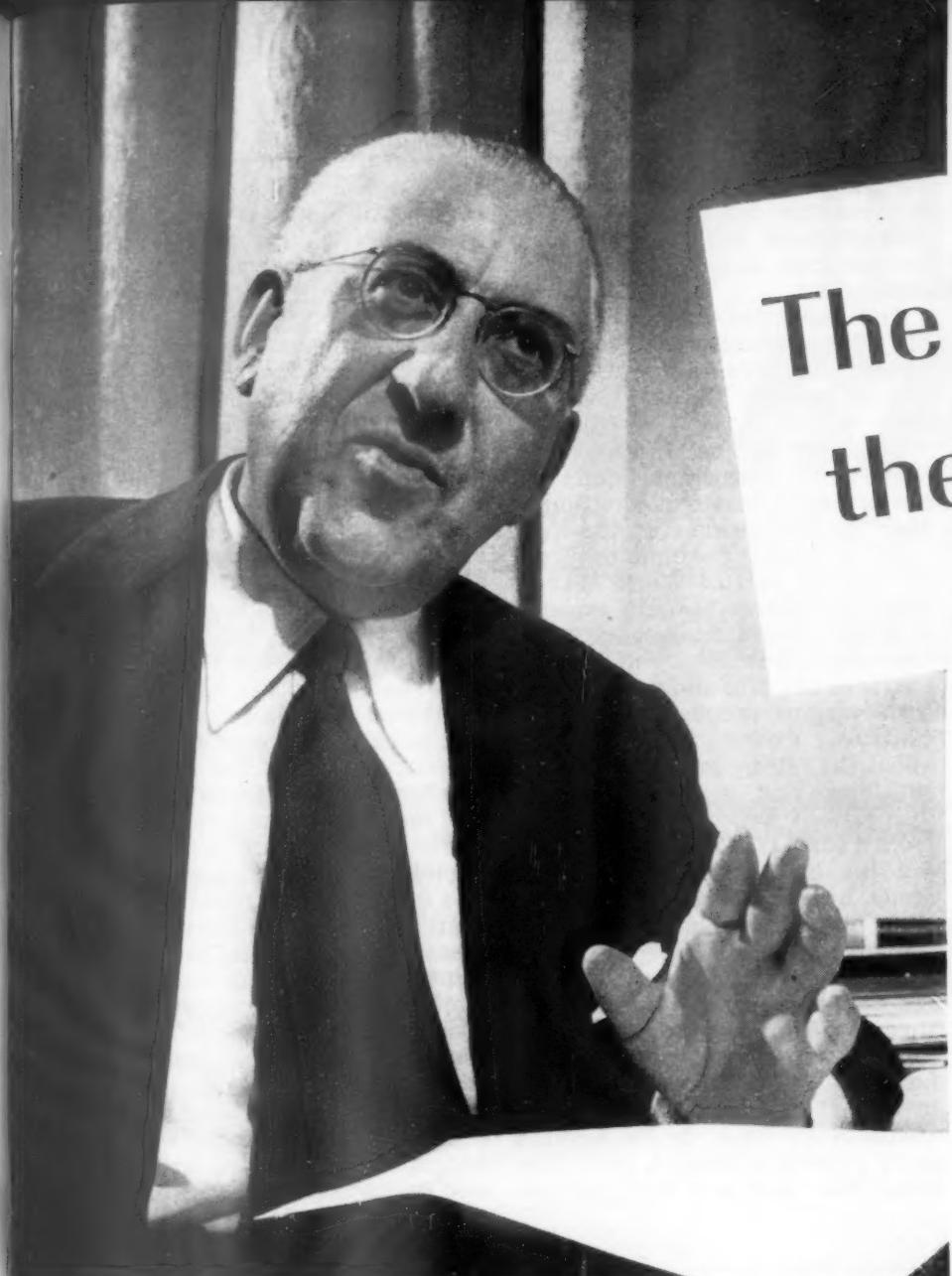
"What we're doing," says Dave Lovitt, chairman of the city's fire prevention committee, "is raising a generation of fire-conscious people."

Typical of America's big-city junior fire departments—and at the same time one of the most effective—is that of Los Angeles.

(Continued on page 72)



The fireman has again become the kids' favorite hero, but he's kept on the run



The Man With the Answers

By COLLIE SMALL

Few business advisers are as little known to the public as Sheldon Coons, yet he's one of the top men in his line

JOE COVELLO FROM BLACK STAR

ONE OF the more puzzling characteristics of the American business executive over the past few years has been his unmitigated thirst for advice from strangers on how to run the business he himself already has built and operated successfully.

The modern executive's dependence on oracles is a comparatively recent development. At the same time it is undoubtedly a natural one, because of the increased complexities of 20th century business. Nevertheless, instead of being slaked, the executive's thirst for outside advice has mounted with every swallow. The result is that he now finds himself surrounded by so many advisers and consultants that he often winds up paying for advice on how to do things he already knows how to do. It probably was inevitable, but when a man meets

himself coming up a road he has already traveled, it is bound to be a little mystifying.

Oddly enough, a man who has dedicated himself most successfully to helping businessmen out of the wilderness into which they have been tugged and hauled by various advisers is himself a professional business counselor named Sheldon R. Coons, whose cerebrations emanate from a modest office in New York.

Coons is a hulking, deceptively slow-moving man of 56, who, despite enormous influence in the business orbit and an annual income extending well into six figures, has succeeded in remaining virtually anonymous. One of his clients has described him, with considerable awe, as "a man with the wisdom of a Moses and the mystery of a Basil Zaharoff." Coons describes himself only as a

man who has the time to think.

In any case, there is nothing sinister about Sheldon Coons. As an adviser to the heads of RCA Victor, RCA International, the National Broadcasting Company, Pepsi-Cola, and Kaiser-Frazer, he deals in services which, for the most part, consist simply of his sorting out given problems and cornering them in such a way that they can be subdued by harassed clients who otherwise would not have the time.

An exceedingly modest man, as well as a diplomatic one, Coons dislikes discussing his clients' weaknesses or investing himself with the panacea of infallibility. Nevertheless, one of his clients, who prefers to remain unidentified, waxes downright rhapsodic when talking about Coons' contributions to his company.

"I can't explain what Coons

does, because he does everything," the executive said not long ago. "It's hard to be specific, but he is positively amazing. I don't know whether it's instinct or talent or experience or a combination of all three, but he has an uncanny knack of going straight to the heart of a problem, and he never stops thinking. If he doesn't know the answer, he knows where to get it. I don't know of anyone with so many sources, Washington included.

"When we hired Coons, we weren't doing so well. We asked him what was wrong. He looked at our balance sheet and told us immediately that our accounting system was no good, despite the fact that we had a whole platoon of certified public accountants. He was right. Next he found, through a statistician, that our salesmen were traveling too far and on the wrong routes. He was right again. Then Coons decided we didn't have a good labor policy, although it had seemed all right to us, so he picked out a labor consultant for us. Things have improved immensely in our labor relations.

"Not long ago, we were having a hard time picking out a new slogan from a number which had been submitted. After you've worked with Coons for a while, you have to conclude he's infallible, so we asked him to pick out the slogan. It wasn't exactly in

his field, but as usual he picked out the right one, and it's made a big difference. Now we've even got him reading our speeches before we give them, and I don't have to tell you he's saved us from a lot of boners."

The executive paused, rubbing his chin reflectively. Then he added, "Hell, it's no secret. Coons is just smarter than the rest of us."

This may well be. In any event, there is no field which Coons will not invade in his determination to keep the businessman on the right road. A typical example occurred toward the end of World War II when he found himself growing anxious over grain forecasts. While the experts were worrying about a shortage of grain and were flirting with various proposals for world controls, Coons was worrying about the falling prices, additional subsidies, and general economic dislocation which would result from a surplus. Finally, after having his own independent study made, he was convinced there was going to be a surplus instead of a shortage.

Unfortunately, Coons failed to get himself heard in America. He therefore sent the conclusions of his study to Lord Beaverbrook in London. Beaverbrook was struck by Coons' optimistic forecasts and summarized them in the London *Daily Express* of Sept. 4, 1946. The result was that both England and

the United States changed their ideas on the world grain situation, and Coons, of course, was confirmed as a ranking prophet when the predicted surplus materialized.

Coons' stature as a business counselor is all the more impressive in view of his own spectacular business career which saw him rise in seven years from a 17-year-old apprentice in a Wilkes-Barre, Pa., department store to advertising director of Gimbel's in New York. Coons was at Gimbel's from 1919 through 1930, and before he left he was general merchandising manager and executive vice president at a salary which, with added compensation, went as high as \$70,000 a year.

During this period, Coons, as always has been his habit, did a great deal of thinking, and it made him uneasy. He could feel a great current of change. The automobile was here to stay; there were more and more newspaper mergers; big stores had become public companies; the infant industry, radio, was beginning to crawl; prohibition had introduced the era of "the great debauch"; and Coons found, significantly, that he was tending more and more to gravitate toward people outside of the retail business in his constant pursuit of mental stimulation.

Finally, he concluded that he and the retail business were not meant for each other. In 1929, he told Bernard Gimbel he wanted to quit and do "something else." Gimbel asked him to think about it for a year. At the end of the year, Coons still felt the same. Although he had suffered reverses in the market and was "broke like everybody else," he was fully prepared to throw over his high salaries and walk out into the depression cold.

Any number of retailers tried to hire him when word got around that he would be at liberty, but Coons said, "No. I am no longer in the retail business." David Sarnoff of RCA offered Coons a vice-presidency, but Coons declined on the grounds that he wasn't sure of his qualifications in that direction. Sarnoff then asked him if he had ever considered the advertising business.

"Yes," Coons said.

"Would you be interested?" Sarnoff asked.

"No," Coons replied.

Sarnoff, however, suggested that Coons talk to Albert Lasker, the owner of Lord and Thomas, the largest advertising agency of the time. Coons agreed. Finally, more out of curiosity than anything else, he accepted an offer as merchan-



NEW TELEGRAPH RATES

mean Bigger Values for Everyone...

MORE WORDS FOR YOUR MONEY!

Here's what revised Western Union rates offer you now! Read what business and personal users can get from liberal new word allowances.

WESTERN UNION
W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

NIGHT LETTERS

NOW 25 50 WORDS

INSTEAD OF TWENTY-FIVE TO
START WITH—IN EVERY CASE AT LESS THAN THE OLD
CHARGE FOR FIFTY WORDS.*

Secretary: Since the new, big word allowances, my firm plans on using Night Letters more than ever to get quick action overnight instead of in days. We find written-record telegrams invaluable — minimize errors—provide permanent reference. Now cost us less, too!

Compare

old and new rates in the chart below. Note that in most cases, Telegrams now *actually cost less* than before, for the same number of words.

Mileage Zones	15 Word Full Rate Message		50 Word Night Letter			
	From	To	Old Rate	New Rate	Old Rate	New Rate
	0	75	\$.45	\$.50	\$.45	\$.35
	76	125	.55	.60	.50	.45
	126	225	.70	.70	.60	.50
	226	425	.85	.85	.75	.65
	426	750	1.05	1.00	.90	.75
	751	1125	1.25	1.15	1.05	.85
	1126	1550	1.45	1.30	1.20	.95
	1551	2100	1.70	1.45	1.35	1.05
	2101	3000	1.95	1.60	1.55	1.20

Ask your near-by Western Union office for this revised rate schedule folder. Check with them for effective date of new rates INTRASTATE.

WESTERN UNION
W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

FULL RATE TELEGRAMS

NOW #15 WORDS

TO START WITH INSTEAD
OF TEN. IN MOST CASES AT LESS THAN FORMERLY
FOR SAME NUMBER OF WORDS.*

Businessman: Naturally, I use telegrams often. More efficient and generally cost less than other forms of rapid communication. The new word allowances now give me greater latitude and bigger savings.

WESTERN UNION
W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

ADDITIONAL WORDS

ALWAYS A THRIFTY BUY. MANY "EXTRA" WORD
RATES ARE ALSO REDUCED—AS MUCH AS 37%.

Housewife: I find telegrams a great convenience for invitations, greetings, to "keep in touch" while traveling, and for all social purposes. It's good to know I can now use as many "extra" words as I want for just pennies more.

Compare

the orderly, attention-getting, written-record Telegram with other forms of rapid communications. Now because they are a bigger value than ever...

Always use Telegrams

WESTERN UNION

dising consultant at \$35,000 a year.

Coons was just as successful in the advertising business as he had been in the retail field—and just as dissatisfied with his success. By 1940 he had become executive vice president and a director of Lord and Thomas, and during his ten years with the agency had earned as much as \$150,000 a year. But he still felt he needed more time to think. Consequently, in 1940, he called it a day in advertising.

Coons feels that his evolution as a business counselor came through a greater evolution, which he saw was changing the whole structure of business and the entire position of the individual businessman.

The original adviser to the businessman had been the old-fashioned banker, but as business expanded, the businessman suddenly found himself in need of a lawyer. The lawyer, who had been primarily a litigant, then found that he was being called on for advice which frequently was beyond his scope. He became a corporation lawyer. Meanwhile, the old-fashioned banker pretty much disappeared when the banks began putting special men on big accounts. A whole new pyramid was building.

Then, in the 1920's and 1930's, the dam burst, releasing a horde of new specialists to replace the earlier advisers. There were economists and statisticians and public accountants. There were investment bankers like the Lehmans and the Morgans. More advertising agencies sprang up and the businessman found that advertising could do more for him than he had thought it could. When the advertising man, with his broad brush, painted a whole new world for the businessman, he became the latter's primary adviser.

Then the businessman decided to install his own advertising department. Another tier was piled on. Someone discovered public relations, and the amazed businessman saw his competitor, in the adroit hands of a good public relations man, transformed miraculously into a public benefactor. There was a rush to climb aboard the virtue wagon, and the public relations expert came into his own.

The depression only accelerated the stampede. Industrial designers began to flourish. There were survey experts to chart the future. When things went really wrong, there was a group of practitioners known as management engineers. The businessman was literally swamped by the complexities of

(Continued on page 75)

City-wide Paging Service

1239574·387



ANYBODY who has tried lately to locate a plumber in a hurry probably will be astonished at the experience of a Brooklyn householder who, late one night recently, discovered his cellar filling with water.

Failing to rouse a neighborhood plumber, the man telephoned a New York company. But all 18 of the company's trouble shooters were out of reach. The company's owner was even then driving homeward toward Long Island.

The Brooklyn man sighed, selected a pan for bailing and proceeded sleepily back down to the cellar. A methodical man, however, he noted the time of the call.

A few minutes later, the Brooklyn man answered his doorbell; there stood the plumbing company owner, repair kit in hand, ready to go to work.

What brought such speedy action was neither mental telepathy nor an automobile telephone, but the latest device wrought by the communications scientists. Driving out across the Triboro Bridge, the man had placed against his ear a gadget that looks like a hearing aid. He pressed a button and a feminine voice crackled through, calling out a series of numbers.

One number caused the man to pull into the nearest service station. There he telephoned his office, and was soon on his way to the Brooklyn address.

What looked like a hearing aid was, in fact, a tiny radio receiver, which some 250 New York business executives, doctors, lawyers, pri-

vate detectives, delivery men, radio producers, photographers now carry at all times. They are clients of a radio paging system named Aircall. At a monthly service fee of \$10, the system can locate any subscriber within a 25 mile radius.

The system is simple and quick. For example, the operator who took the Brooklyn man's call merely telephoned the Aircall office. There another operator put the subscriber's code number on a sound film where it was broadcast, and repeated every 22 seconds.

Aircall has flushed some of its subscribers out of highly improbable locations. One man was paged while inspecting a cut of beef in a meat locker; another was reached in the subbasement of Radio City. A doctor, serving as best man at a wedding, heard his number, pressed a substitute into service and went off to deliver a baby.

One of the system's happiest clients is Maurice Dreicer, the radio producer who has devoted considerable time to a search for the perfect steak. A gourmet, Dreicer would not dream of arriving so much as a minute late to test a steak. Aircall saves him this affront. Should Dreicer be dancing in the ballroom of a hotel or inn as his steak is being prepared, he will place the receiver against his ear every few minutes. The chef, as the right moment arrives, will instruct an assistant to telephone the Aircall office, which in turn puts Dreicer's code number on the air. This is his signal to hurry back to the table.

The gadget, of course, makes its users a little conspicuous.

For Telanserphone, Inc., the company which owns Aircall, the system fills in a gap which has long frustrated telephone answering services. As one of the officials explained it, "For years we were getting important calls for clients. Sometimes, especially in the cases of doctors, they were real life-and-death emergencies. The man might be in the city, right under our noses, yet completely out of reach."

For the present, the service is about evenly divided between professionals and businessmen. And, although it would seem offhand that users now have no place to hide from the call to duty, they seem to enjoy a new kind of mental freedom.—CLIVE HOWARD



"THEY SAVED TAFFY, TOO, DAD!"

THAT'S fine, Bobby. Thanks to the good work of our Fire Department, we all got out safely and the house wasn't damaged much."

Fires usually happen to people who think "It can't happen here!" Co-operate with your Fire Department during Fire Prevention Week, October 7th to 13th—and the year-round. Help them in their untiring efforts to protect lives and property by doing your utmost to eliminate the causes of fire.

Keep matches out of the reach of children... be sure your heating system is clean and does not become overheated... have chimneys inspected for defects... ban-

ish careless smoking habits... have defective electrical wiring replaced... don't let rubbish accumulate. And by all means, carry adequate, full-standard fire and extended coverage insurance—both on your home and place of business—with a nationally recognized company such as Hardware Mutuals. Our policy *back of the policy®* makes your interests our first consideration.



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Home Movies Can Be Good

By BOOTON HERNDON

EVERY NOW and then some casual friends of Mr. and Mrs. George Mesaros of Long Beach, N. Y., drop in for a neighborly little visit after dinner. And every now and then Mesaros, who is an amateur camera bug, drags out his screen and his projector and gets ready to show them one of his movies.

"You ought to see their faces," he says. "You can almost hear them saying, 'Oh, how did we ever get into this!'"

But Mesaros ignores the mute pleading of his guests, cuts off the lights, and starts the show. After a minute he sneaks a look at the faces of his audience. Gone is the

look of apprehension; in its place an expression of pleasant surprise.

For these are no fuzzy, blurry, jumpy home movies. Rather, each film is a production, carefully planned, excellently photographed, skillfully edited, and complete with synchronized sound. Mesaros is one of several thousand amateurs now turning out excellent films. Last year he won a national award for amateur movies.

In contrast to him and his fellow experts, there still remains a preponderance of home movie makers who show the poorly turned out products to a squirming captive audience. After all, home movies are big business.

James W. Moore, executive director of the Amateur Cinema League, to which some 4,000 advanced amateurs like Mesaros belong, estimates that there are more than 1,500,000 movie cameras in use in America today. William C. Babbitt, managing director of the National Association of Photographic Manufacturers, says that some estimates have gone up as high as 2,250,000.

That's a lot of cameras, and they grind out a lot of film—four rolls per camera a year, according to Moore's figures.

The first cine camera was developed 62 years ago, but it took a long time to bring cine equipment to the reach of the average amateur. This was due primarily to a lack of standardization in the industry.

Film is available in three widths, 35, 16 and 8 mm. In the early days, however, manufacturers built their cameras in odd sizes and cut their film to suit. Further, the perforations along the sides of the film were not standardized.

In 1910, Albert S. Howell developed a perforation machine which brought standardization, and interchangeability, into the industry. That left the problem of expense. Just as in most still cameras today, it was necessary at that time to buy one roll of film, expose it, then have it printed on another film before a picture could be shown.

After years of work, the Eastman Research Laboratories came up, in 1923, with a reversal film with which the photographer could both take pictures and show them. Further, this film was of such quality that the image on a 16 mm. frame could be projected with as much if not more clarity than a 35 mm. frame of the old type.

Thus, in one operation, Eastman reduced costs, improved quality, and paved the way for a lighter, less cumbersome camera to use the new 16 mm. film. Both Eastman and Bell and Howell were in production with such a camera that year.

The development of 8 mm. film, color, synchronized sound and spring-drive instead of hand-cranked cameras came along later, but 1923 was the beginning of amateur photography. The hobby has grown steadily.

In 1926 the late Hiram Percy Maxim, then president of the Maxim Silencer Company and an enthusiastic camera fan, organized the Amateur Cinema League. This group, with chapters all over the world, since has managed to attract most of the serious cine ama-

teurs. For \$6 a year members get a technical magazine, *Movie Makers*, edited by Moore, and personal suggestions and criticisms from Don Charbonneau, the society's consultant. He also provides shooting scripts and will review a completed film.

Most amateurs put in long hours on their hobby. Lewis Lewis, a South African insurance broker, has made some 250 films, winning several awards with his documentary treatment of such complex subjects as soil reclamation and agricultural science. Lewis spends six hours in his study every other night editing the film he has already taken.

David Bradley, a school kid who had bigger ideas for his camera than just the antics of his family and friends, put on productions of Peer Gynt, Hamlet, Julius Caesar and other highbrow dramas. On the basis of his amateur work, he was signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a student director.

A nuclear physicist, Leonard W. Tregillus, makes *avant-garde* films, using figurines fashioned of modeling clay. He puts his figures in position, snaps a frame, then moves and remodels each for the next. He can easily turn out one ten-minute film a year that way.

Many amateur camera fans get out into the world of adventure, and even danger. A few years ago, Al Morton, a Salt Lake City mail carrier, shot the rapids of the Colorado River with a party of expert river men. Morton photographed the hazardous trip through the Grand Canyon, but that wasn't enough. He wanted to do the whole thing.

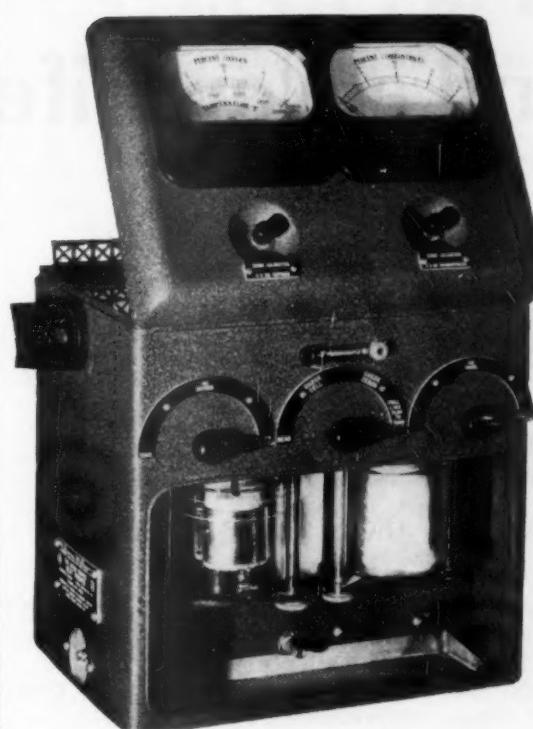
He built a boat, called the "Movie Maker," and shot the rapids of the Green River for practice. Then, as both pilot and cameraman he took on the Colorado in his boat.

In one stretch of white water, the "Movie Maker" whammed up against a giant rock. Morton's thumb and forefinger, caught in the crash, were almost severed from his hand. After the boat was righted, he taped the dangling pieces back on. When he got back to civilization and a doctor, the amazed medico found that Morton's action had temporarily saved both fingers. A complete suture job made it permanent.

Morton, who had not only mastered the river but had pictures to prove it, and with only one good hand at that, shrugged off the injury.

"It only bothered me when I was taking pictures," he said.

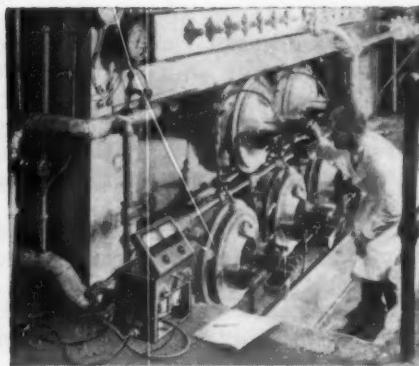
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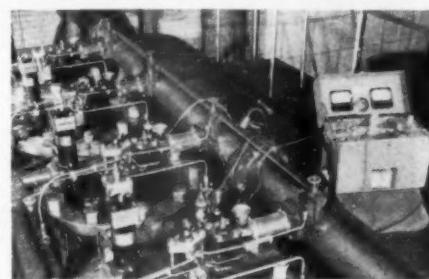
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He Painted a Trout and Found a New Life

By PHIL HENRY



The prize fish that catapulted a printer into the sign business

WHEN Albert R. Smith was told by his doctor that he would have to give up his printing business and get out in the country, he did just that. He moved to Bridgton, Me.—population about 3,500—and settled down to a life of taking it easy.

His youngest son, however, showed promise as a sign painter and letterer. So the elder Smith started him in business. Shortly afterward, a fisherman wandered into the son's tiny shop, clutching a fish under his arm.

"Got anyone who can paint me a picture of my prize trout?" he inquired.

Smith heard the question and, having time on his hands, asked his son if he might give it a try.

With two ten-cent brushes and a few small cans of paint, he started the job. When he had finished, Smith realized that this chance request had shown him something he probably never would have realized; he had artistic talent. He made several copies of the painting, placed them on display in the shop window.

A few days later Hamilton O. Cornwall, a New York toy dealer, walked by and noticed the paintings.

"You do 'em?" he asked.

"Sure," was Smith's brief reply.

"For sale?"

"Sure." Smith shifted his perennial cigar around his mouth and named a price three times more than that which he had planned. Cornwall bought the plaques and ordered a dozen each of trout and salmon to be shipped to New York and Chicago sportsmen's shows.

When Smith shipped the two

dozen sample plaques he figured it was the last he'd ever hear from Cornwall.

A few days later, however, Cornwall ordered 1,000 more.

Working day and night, Smith, with the aid of his two sons, Albert Jr., the younger, and Curtis, completed the order. Eventually more than 100,000 trout, salmon and bass

plaques were taken by the New York dealer.

Subsequently, other designs, including birds and animals, were added to the line.

One day around the cracker barrel, a Bridgton institution where men swap fish tales during the winter nights, Smith and one of his boys hit on another idea. Smith chanced to remark, "I hope some day to catch a fish so big that I wouldn't need to lie about it."

"Why don't you paint that on one of your signs," suggested the son. "Maybe the fishermen around here will buy it."

Inspired again, Smith and his boys developed a silk screen process for duplicating signs and soon the Angler's Prayer—"Lord give me grace to catch a fish so big that even I—when telling of it afterward—may never need to lie," was rolling off their assembly line.

Before long Smith's saucy and cynical attitude toward life turned him into a world-wide heckler. He kidded folks about their shortcomings with quips such as, "Fisher-men are born liars," "A hound dog is a better friend than a man's wife," and "If you're so damn smart, why ain't you rich?"

Aware that people are inclined to talk too much, Smith produced this saucy suggestion — "Even a fish



When Albert Smith of Bridgton, Me., began kidding folks in a saucy way he inadvertently opened the door to work he didn't expect

wouldn't get caught if he kept his mouth shut."

Today, his products are sold throughout the world. Yet his name never appears on any of the products. Word-of-mouth advertising alone brings in the orders.

Several months ago he painted a Boston executive's office with a scene of a New England mountain range, working only from post card views as a guide.

During a slack season a few years ago he made some towel racks and stands fashioned out of Maine pine and sold them to the Christmas trade. Soon, he was making novelty wood items for department stores.

One day he found that tourists lugged home all sorts of souvenirs on which were stamped "Bridgton - on - the - Lake" and which actually were made in New York. Visiting New Yorkers, oddly enough, were among the buyers. This gave Smith the idea to get into the souvenir business.

He made up a number of towel racks, tie-holders and stands and

"The prosperity of a country depends not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications. . . . It consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment and character. Here are to be found its true interest, its chief strength, its real power."

—Martin Luther

painted the names of summer resorts on them. They, too, helped to keep the Smith shop humming.

Next he experimented with a mixture of house paint and oil colors which he could use on silk. The process has become so good that he has had offers to buy the formula. Smith paints designs on blouses, shawls, scarves and even on lingerie sold through department stores.

One day last summer some eastern businessmen on a fishing trip stopped at a Bridgton general store. Smith joined the group and soon was kidding the visitors.

One turned to him and sneered, "If you're so damn smart, why ain't you rich?"

Smith twisted an unlit cigar around in his mouth and chuckled. Then, still smiling, he walked quietly away, never realizing that someone would hurl his own saucy suggestion back at him.

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You Can Stretch City Tax Dollars

(Continued from page 36) ample and goaded by public agencies fostering better government administration, several cities recently have jumped onto the centralized purchasing band wagon. As the city manager form of government progresses, centralized purchasing follows close behind. In its most recent survey of the scene, the International City Managers' Association found that at least 224 of the 474 cities with populations of more than 25,000 have made the switch. Last year's converts included Salt Lake City, Tampa and New Haven among larger ones, and Alexandria, Va., Midland, Texas, and Whittier, Calif., among the smaller.

Other cities centralizing their buying report advantages equal to Milwaukee's. Washington, for instance, found that it could brew roasted cereal coffee extender with regular coffee to obtain a highly favorable blend for all city institutions; the saving on this one item alone at present prices exceeds \$24,000 a year. In New York City, the Board of Education is saving \$400,000 annually by buying furniture made especially for its use on an "assembly line" basis.

Chicago pulled its purchasing into one office three years ago on passage of state legislation demanded by many civic organizations. John F. Ward, the city purchasing agent, estimates that the change already has saved Chicago taxpayers hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. When it takes full effect, the benefits will reach nearly \$3,000,000 annually on bills of \$30,000,000 to \$35,000,000.

Cincinnati has extended centralized purchasing even further. With some measure of central buying in effect for more than 30 years, the city modernized its program in 1926 after adopting a charter form of government. Five years later it entered into informal agreements with Hamilton County, the Board of Education, the University of Cincinnati and the Public Library to join forces for greater gains through group purchasing activity.

Purchasing agents of the five public units meet every two weeks to discuss mutual procurement problems and plan consolidated purchases. There is no legal obligation to participate, but the advantages to be gained have given the association more binding ties than any law. John G. Krieg, Cin-

cinnati's purchasing agent and chairman of this Coordinating Committee of Hamilton County Purchasing Agents, figures the five units save an added five per cent on \$12,000,000 worth of purchases resulting from the joint program.

On certain items savings are considerably greater. Purchasing incandescent and fluorescent lamps by contract over a three-year period, the group knocked the price from \$80,000 to \$45,000, or more than 43 per cent. Individually, their bulk purchases might have wrung discounts of up to 30 per cent, but the combined order pushed the price even lower. Other substantial savings achieved by the group have come from volume buying of gasoline, fuel oil, toilet tissue, office supplies, paper towels, motor vehicles, brooms and brushes.

Size is not a limitation. Smaller cities that may not be able to support a full-time professional purchasing agent can bring their purchases under one head, just the same. They may find it convenient to delegate purchasing authority as a part-time duty to the city manager, where one exists, or to the city clerk.

In Michigan, they can lean on the Michigan Municipal League, an association of 350 municipalities to promote better government. The League has set up a service to provide buying information and operate as a nonprofit "jobber" on certain items used by all members. It got into the buying business, Robert D. Bugher, manager of the League's purchasing service, relates, through an experience in buying fire hose.

In 1931, Bugher explains, city managers of Muskegon, Ferndale, Crystal Falls, Escanaba, Portland and Plymouth pooled their orders and bought a mile of fire hose at 64 cents a foot. The average market price for the same kind was \$1.30. The joint venture netted a saving to each of more than 50 per cent.

Like a fire in a prairie wind, the idea spread to several member cities of the League. Before long the League opened shop to buy fire-fighting and snow-removal equipment, traffic paint, street signs, antifreeze, lamps and batteries. Last year, more than 60 cities used its facilities, Bugher said. About 250 have done so since the program was initiated.

Every other month, the League

circulates an information bulletin to inform members of buying opportunities. It reports also on results of experimentation with material and equipment to improve quality. One city advised the League that traffic paint manufactured to League specifications lasted twice as long as some other brands, even though the price was 85 cents less per gallon.

It is estimated that a city of 25,000 population can install a centralized purchasing program on a part-time basis for approximately \$10,000. For cities with roughly 200,000 population, the cost is approximately \$25,000 with this sum covering full-time operation of the program. The cost jumps to \$50,000 for cities of 500,000 population and again this amount provides for full-time operation.

Experts warn that centralized purchasing must work always in the best interest of economy.

One drawback to complete success is the practice of many purchasing agents, for obvious political reasons, to buy most items locally.

Other difficulties arise from interdepartmental rivalries or jealousies which prevent the purchasing agent from developing essential standard specifications. Then there are pressures from salesmen on department heads.

One fire-hose salesman bluntly announced he had \$1,000 "to spend" on promoting his particular brand at a price twice as much as another which conformed precisely to National Fire Underwriters' specifications. Word of the boast reached the city's purchasing agent. He said he would be happy to accept the salesman's offer provided he knocked off the \$1,000 from his asking price and submitted his bid through regular channels.

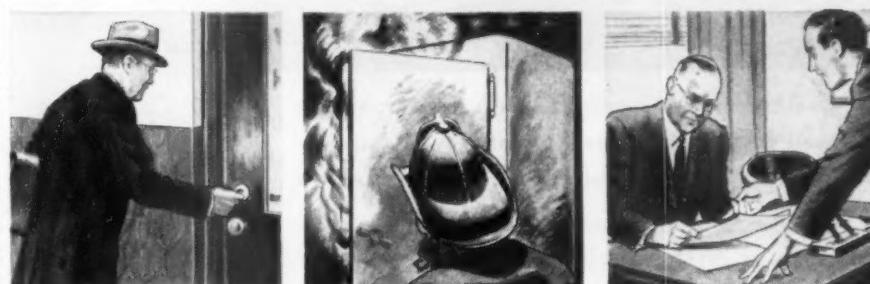
Deterrents of this kind hardly make a dent in the advantages of centralized and joint buying in the opinion of two clearinghouses beating the drums loudly for wider adoption. The International City Managers' Association calls central purchasing "something a city has to have for effective management." The National Institute of Governmental Purchasing believes that cities practicing it tell the taxpayer that his government has ways of making the tax dollar go farther.

In such times as these, when investigations uncover city scandal on scandal taxpayers may find comfort in knowing there is at least one almost foolproof method for stretching their dollars.

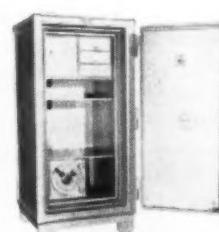
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If you're entrusting your business records to an old, ineffective safe or metal cabinet, you're taking a dangerous gamble. Just think what the loss of your accounts receivable ledger, alone, would mean.

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PHOTOS ROY STEVENS

The U.S.S. New Mexico landed Lipsett, center, smack on the front pages when the City of Newark at first refused to allow the battleship to be brought to dock



The Man Who Sank a Navy

By ALLEN CHURCHILL

SCRAP is raw material in the wrong place. Getting it to the right one is the job of dealers like Morris Lipsett



ON AN afternoon early in May, as battle flared in Korea and the Russian menace continued to loom large, a man named Morris E. Lipsett passed the time in a peculiar way. In a motorboat, he circled tirelessly the hulk of the 10,000-ton freighter *Andrea Luckenbach*, capsized on a reef off Hawaii.

For the vigorous-looking Lipsett, this was not sport. It was work—at one extreme of a supply line leading directly to the Korean battlefield and the Russian menace. He was calculating how many tons of steel and scrap iron (with such nonferrous metals as copper, brass and zinc) could be salvaged from the freighter. To this he added an expert's opinion as to how much it would cost to break her up, plus the cost of transporting to the mainland. On this base he figured what his New York firm—Lipsett, Inc.—could afford to bid for the privilege of breaking up the *Andrea Luckenbach* and selling her for scrap.

If he got the job, Lipsett would have to gamble on more than the soundness of his judgment. Weather, skill of workmen, his own ability to cut job-corners, all entered in. But of one thing he was sure—he could sell the scrap. Even as he circled the ship, the Department of Commerce warned that a shortage of scrap, which comprises 50 per cent of all new steel, might curtail vital defense production. Robert W. Wolcott of the American Iron & Steel Institute echoed this.

"Get more scrap if you want more steel," he told warehousemen.

It all added up to shortage, and to Lipsett and others in the \$800,000,000 scrap industry—\$1,500,-

000,000 if you count junk and waste material like rags, paper and rubber—it had a familiar ring. Again the point was approaching where the booming industry would be unable to supply demand.

To the six-foot, 235-pound, 47-year-old Lipsett, this brought a special challenge, for he finds scrap where others hesitate to try. Colleagues say:

"Morris may not be the biggest operator in the business, but he is the most original and adventurous."

Until Lipsett arrived on the scene, dealers in scrap—and junk and waste materials—bought leftovers from industry or from the small-time dealers who operated with truck or horse and wagon. As owner of a scrapyard in Jamestown, N. Y., Lipsett could see little point in this passive role and began reaching out to make scrap.

He did this chiefly by demolishing buildings, sometimes at his own expense, often for a fee, after which he was allowed to market the scrap. Adding a new dimension to the business parlayed the small-town junkyard into the \$3,000,000 Lipsett, Inc., which still markets all kinds of scrap but specializes in the finest material for the open hearth furnaces of Bethlehem and U. S. Steel.

J. S. Steer.

Lipsett was helped in this by an air of friendly confidence that persuades people he hasn't a care in the world. On dismantling jobs, workmen seek him out with personal problems. Competitors accuse him of taking million-dollar risks too lightly. Yet actually, he has many problems and is a worrier who has trouble sleeping nights.

"Can't seem to stop the motor," he explains.

One unusual aspect of his so-called motor is an ability to cut demolition corners with an instinctive know-how. Lippett, who never finished high school, possesses an uncanny knack for sizing up a job usually requiring a basic knowledge of engineering. Early in his career, he was called in to demolish a big gas tank—a job generally done laboriously by workmen on an outside scaffold. This made no sense to Lippett.

"You waste all your time thinking about the scaffolding," he said. Then he ordered that the tank be filled with water. Workmen on rafts cut down the tank from the inside—at a saving of \$35,000.

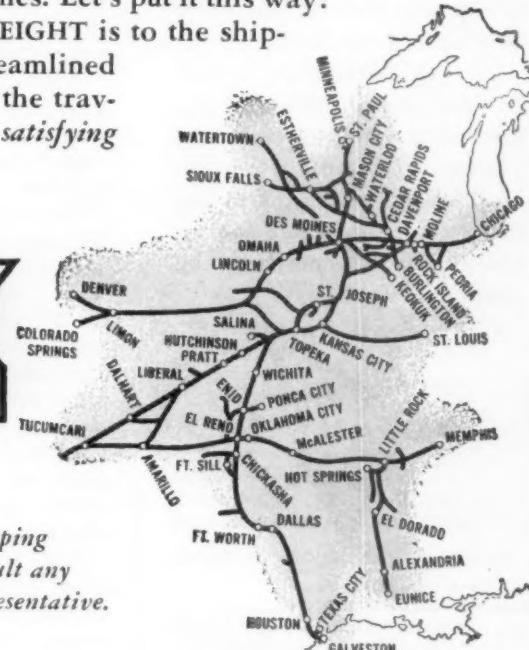
Lipsett showed his ingenuity again in the tearing down of the Second Avenue "El" in New York. His bid to demolish it and sell the

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scrap was \$40,000. The next was \$1, yet the city engineers hesitated to award the contract.

"You've never done a tricky demolition job like this," they told him. "You'll take forever, get bogged down."

Lipsett insisted, and with Mayor La Guardia wielding the first acetylene torch, the job of demolishing the 3½ mile structure began in March, 1941. It soon became apparent that Lipsett's uncanny instinct was working at full throttle. The usual method of tearing down such structures was a vertical one—dismantling from top to bottom. Lipsett had no use for this. "You have seven men standing around a crane, waiting," he stated.

HE WENT at the job horizontally. First a gang of workmen swarmed over the structure tearing out cables and transmission lines. Another crew followed loosening rails, which were then lifted by crane and lowered into trucks. Other gangs successively demolished passenger stations, tore up wooden ties, and steel frameworks.

Finally only pillars remained, standing like rows of blighted trees. Concrete at the bases was loosened and the prongs extending under pavements ripped out. Last, a crane came along and pulled the pillars like reluctant teeth. Altogether the job took six weeks—a record no one, including Lipsett, has equaled since. Some 30,000 tons of scrap resulted from the job.

Lipsett finds his work endlessly dramatic, not to say romantic, and many people who find scrapyards uninteresting would agree that, in his case, scrap has drama.

He enjoys breaking through barriers—the first such in his life being the clothing business into which he was born in Rochester, N. Y., on May 1, 1904. Some 16 years later he went to work in a clothing factory, then was dispatched to Jamestown, N. Y., to work in a men's furnishing store. Eventually he was to become manager, but after five years selling shirts and ties Lipsett burst loose and bought a garage.

This resulted in contact with the local junkyard, which struck the young man as one of the few fields where rugged individualism still paid off.

"You're completely on your own," he reasoned. "You work as hard as you want to, and the harder you work, the more you make."

He sold the garage and bought the junkyard where, in 1931, he

was joined by his younger brother, Julius. The demolition activities which the two energetic young men then began brought them to the attention of the big oil companies like Socony Vacuum, which called them in to tear down abandoned oil refineries, gas tanks, smokestacks and unused buildings.

For Lipsett and others in the business—big companies include Luria Brothers, Schiavone-Bonomo Corporation, Columbia Iron & Metal, Luria Steel & Trading Corporation, and David J. Joseph Co.—the war years were a period of hectic activity, but they are looked back on fondly for another reason. During the war the public came to understand scrap. Formerly men in the industry felt self-conscious about their profession, but now publicity made it important.

"People knew a scrapyard when they saw one," says Lipsett, "but they had no knowledge of the industry or appreciation of its scope and economic value. The war taught 'em."

War jobs that Lipsett took over were publicized by big signs which read SCRAP TO LICK THE JAP. He tore down El structures in Brooklyn and Boston (enough steel and iron from each to build a cruiser or six destroyers), tore up trolley tracks in many American cities, and demolished such useless buildings as Navy dirigible hangars. Working closely with the Government, he had a heady feeling of being in the front line of production.

SOME of this feeling remained on a morning in 1946 as he sat at his desk reading the morning paper. Suddenly he came to a story saying that the liner *Normandie* was to be sold for scrap. He went to his brother's office. "This looks like a job up our alley," he said. Julius, operations head of the firm, raised objections, among them the risks involved in towing, the size of the ship (1,035 feet, five city blocks), and finally the fact that the 60,000-ton liner, which had been swept by fire, was a hard-luck ship.

Lipsett refused to listen. "We can do it," he said.

The next day he went to the Todd Shipyard in Brooklyn and climbed over the huge, charred hulk. While an engineer made pencil calculations, he made mental ones—ones he claims are never off more than five per cent. The *Normandie* cost \$65,000,000 to build. The Navy paid \$13,500,000 for her hulk, spent \$11,000,000 raising her, and paid an additional

\$20,000 dock rental. This added up to roughly \$90,000,000, but to Lipsett the once-great ship looked like \$160,000 worth of scrap. He bid that and two weeks later the *Normandie* was his.

PROBLEMS arose immediately. Ships are broken up in dry dock or on beaches, but there was no dry dock available big enough for the *Normandie* and no beach, though Lipsett operatives in tugs searched the banks of the Hudson and the Atlantic seaboard.

"We'll have to dismantle her afloat," Lipsett decided, and set about figuring how. In the midst of a conference an idea struck him. Keep the center of the ship buoyant. Build false bulkheads part-way fore and aft. Shear off all material in front of them. Move the bulkheads back and shear off more material, counting on the buoyant center to keep the hulk afloat. Repeat until only the buoyant center section remains. Lift that out with a crane.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1946, 12 tugs maneuvered the *Normandie* into the harbor and headed her at five knots toward a Navy dock in Newark. "It was a beautiful sight," Lipsett recalls. "The tugs maneuvered the way a line in football does. Some were even offside."

At Newark, workmen swarmed aboard (Lipsett screened 1,500 to get 150) and began tearing out the superstructure. Holes then were cut in the side, so heavy engines and equipment could be hauled out.

Months later, when the ship looked like a mighty canoe, the vital job of cutting began.

It was nerve-wracking, for steel contracts in the cold and the muddy harbor bottom, enemy of all such jobs, was waiting for the slightest slip.

But the buoyant-center idea worked. It took eight months to reduce the *Normandie* to nothing, and cost \$750,000. But it paid off in unexpected ways.

While work progressed, ceilings were removed from steel and iron so that the price jumped from \$16 to \$40 a ton. Lipsett sold 44,000 tons at that price, and got equally good prices for nonferrous metals. A layer of cement along the ship's bottom, which Lipsett expected to be a dead loss, hid 95 tons of pig iron. It was sold at \$58 a ton.

By the time the *Normandie* was dismantled, Lipsett had more ships. Indeed, in the summer of 1947, he owned the fifth largest navy in the world—the battleships *New Mexico*, *Wyoming* and *Idaho*,

which he bought for approximately \$1,000,000.

The *New Mexico* landed him spectacularly on the front pages. He bought her in Boston for \$381,000 and had her towed toward the dock in Newark where the *Normandie* job was winding up.

But Newark was negotiating with the Port of New York Authority for a harbor improvement program. It needed the dock even though the Navy had leased it to Lipsett—needed it so much that two 30-foot municipal fireboats were ordered to patrol the entrance to Port Newark and keep the mighty *Mex* away by squirting water.

As this tempest was played up by the newspapers, the battleship ran into more trouble. A storm arose as the tugs towed her past Fire Island. The helpless tugs cast off, leaving the *New Mex*, with 14 workmen aboard, dead in the water.

Lipsett, negotiating frantically in Washington with the Navy Department and representatives of Newark, now had a lost battleship to worry about.

For three days the *New Mex* wallowed in heavy seas. Then the storm cleared and she was hauled to the entrance to Port Newark where, at a cost of \$4,000 a day, she sat. Lipsett, holding out for a year in which to wreck his three-battleship navy, finally agreed to do the job in nine months. He did it profitably in six, getting \$2,400,000 of heavy melting steel scrap from the ships, plus 1,000 tons of high-value nonferrous metals.

SINCE then Lipsett has cleared away the debris after the Texas City explosion, demilitarized 90,000 tons of ammunition in the Philippines, raised ships off Guam and Leyte and demolished 24 New York City blocks for a housing site. But he often thinks back on the *Normandie*-*New Mexico* days. To him they seem best.

Lipsett spends little time in his office at 100 Park Avenue, in New York. "Doesn't pay dividends," he explains. Instead, he calls Jamestown, N. Y., home and travels constantly. Anyone who phones him at Lipsett, Inc., is likely to be told that he is in Pittsburgh, San Francisco or South America.

When traveling, Lipsett endlessly examines structures to be demolished, ships to be dismantled, bridges to be torn down, machinery to be broken up, or any job to which he might apply his special know-how.

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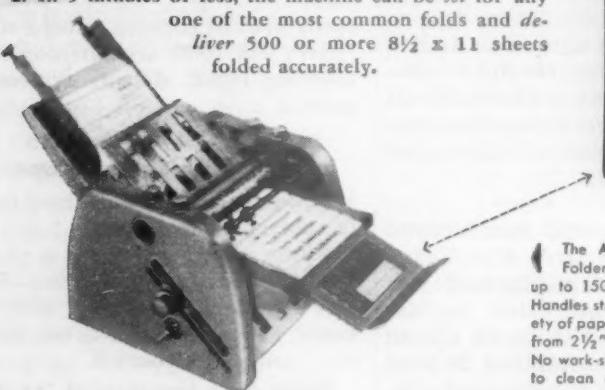
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are employed in field work the year 'round. They work under Julius Lipsett, who on each job sends out a skeleton crew of superintendents, crane men, burners, dynamiters, riggers and ironworkers. The rest of the crew is recruited on the spot. With the Lipsett workmen go trucks, cranes, demolition balls, burning outfits, masks, sledge hammers, crosscut saws, air compressors, impact and air wrenches, metal-cutting guns and chisels, rivet busters, slings, hooks, ropes and steel cables—all from the firm's Brooklyn salvage yard.

Lipsett employs three engineers who also bid on jobs, doublecheck Lipsett's snap decisions, and comb city records, government and insurance reports, trade publications and newspaper ads, in order to spot anything that might be bought, broken up and profited by. Spotting a likely job, they send for plans and specifications. If it still seems likely, they pass it along to the boss.

Lately, Lipsett, Inc., has branched beyond demolition. In an average week this year, the firm was demolishing six city blocks in Pittsburgh; liquidating and selling a sugar refinery in San Francisco;

"If there is one thing that the Russians found to admire in us it was our tremendous productive capacity. I don't think the Politburo is dumb."

—Charles E. Wilson

salvaging oil refineries in Fillmore, Calif., Sands Springs, Okla., and Coffeyville, Kans.; tearing down a gas tank in Brooklyn; and demolishing a powerhouse on Welfare Island in New York City.

At the same time, in order to keep its men and machines busy, the firm was constructing (not destroying) a pedestrian underpass in Kingston, N. Y.; and laying a gas main in New York.

Lipsett hopes that construction never will take more than 30 per cent of his business. Putting things up, he thinks, lacks the drama of tearing them down. Also, there is the matter of scrap. It fascinates Lipsett as much as when he bought the Jamestown junkyard. He likes to say that scrap is raw material in the wrong place—and the job of getting it to the right one is, in his opinion, a process calculated to bring out the best in life.

Red Feather Joins Defense

AMERICANS in some 1,500 cities and towns gave an estimated \$200,000,000 last year to their local Red Feather campaigns. Their contributions were shared by more than 15,000 services: boys' clubs, children's aid, summer camps, the Y's, visiting nurses, legal and travelers aid, assistance to the aged and the handicapped, and many others.

This month Americans are being asked to dig still deeper because included in local Community Chest campaigns as Red Feather services are the agencies of United Defense Fund, Inc.

UDF is a new national federation designed to finance the special health and welfare activities made necessary by the defense effort. Through the reactivated United Service Organization it provides clubs, camp shows, information and housing services, lounges and canteens for members of the armed forces. Last summer USO was operating more than 160 clubs and services at home and overseas. However, 110 new units with an estimated cost of \$3,725,000 have been requested by the Department of Defense.

Another UDF affiliate, United Community Defense Services, brings together already established national health, welfare and recreation agencies to aid localities particularly affected by the rearmament program. Its aim is to assist communities on problems which stem from suddenly expanded population, the employment of mothers in defense plants, and other family and community dislocations. Most of the UCDS budget will be used to help cities and towns help themselves to meet particular emergency problems.

UDF funds also will be used to pay for the processing of clothing, blankets and sewing materials collected through American Relief for Korea to aid the thousands of destitute refugees.

"The United Defense Fund," Secretary of Defense George C. Marshall points out, "is an integral part of the defense effort. It is co-ordinating its efforts closely with those of our Government. I hope that the nation's Community Chests and our people will stand solidly behind it."



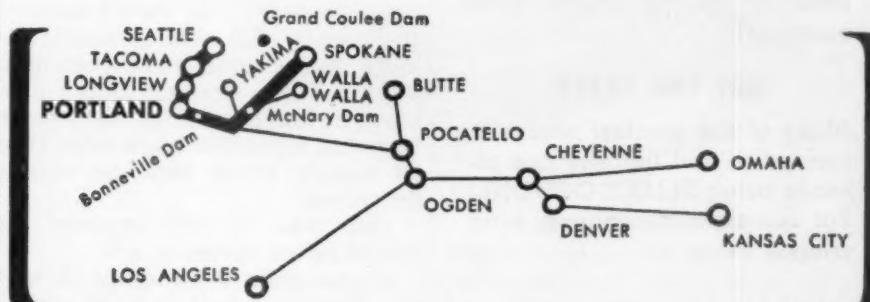
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Not to Be Ashamed

(Continued from page 42)

Joe noticed the night watchman standing in the bright glare of the work light behind him. Joe smiled at him happily.

The puzzled watchman asked, "How come you're working so late?"

Joe looked surprised. "Late? What time is it?"

The other man pulled a long-chained watch from his vest pocket. "A quarter after twelve."

"Oh," Joe said briefly, then lifted his shoulders proudly. "Had a special job," he pointed. "Dutch fireplace. I was the only one who could do it. I've done a hundred of them in my time. People back in Minnesota—that's where I come from—seem to like them. I was always putting one in for somebody." His chest swelled. "The foreman asked me to get it done tonight. They want to shoot here right away, I guess. Been working ever since." He pointed proudly at the fireplace. "It's almost finished."

Joe thought he saw a light of respect in the man's eyes and he smiled warmly at the guard who put his watch back into his pocket and, turning to go, said, "Okay. Be sure and put out that light when you leave."

"You bet," Joe answered. "So long."

THE fireplace was finished and ready for the morning painters when Joe straightened up. He filled his pipe slowly. He wasn't hungry. He wasn't particularly tired. He knew, as he stood there looking at it, that it was the best Dutch fireplace he had ever built. Joe chased from his mind the knowledge that its beauty would soon be cruelly destroyed.

This was his masterpiece. He would never better it.

Mama didn't understand why the fireplace couldn't have waited overnight, but she did recognize the relaxed happiness in her husband that had been missing for such a long time. While she warmed supper for him she listened to Joe tell over and over the story of the special job he had been called on to do. And she felt good again because he was that way. There was a close aura of human satisfaction in their kitchen that very early morning which filled them both with a familiar peace.

Before he went to the day's assignment each morning, Joe stopped to look at his fireplace.

There were things standing on the mantel; some figurines and a clock, and the three-walled room was full of furniture. Dominating it all, the fireplace stood out, grand and proud, as was Joe when he saw it. He loved it and believed it would stand there majestically forever.

This wonderful happiness lasted until one Monday he stopped to look at his fireplace and something was wrong. The mantel was bare and the furniture and draperies were gone. The room was stripped, empty and deserted. Joe's heart sank. He had forgotten that the people who lived in these rooms never lingered long. Their lives' happy or unhappy dramas were soon over and their houses destroyed. He had forgotten this when he worked that long night; but the sudden realization that unknowing hands would soon desecrate his masterpiece frightened Joe.

He was confused all morning and so full of fear that he broke into a sweat when he heard his name called. He was wanted by Murphy over on Stage One. Joe picked up his toolbox and hurried out.

No one was working on the stage. A lot of men were standing around smoking and talking. Joe knew who they were, the wrecking crew. Scenery was piled all around. A section of wall in which a window looked out on nothing stood bleakly alone. A solitary stairway curved up to empty air. The stage looked like the ruins of a bombed house. There, though, in the center was a sturdy survivor... Joe's fireplace. Around it stood a group of men whom Joe recognized immediately. There was the foreman Murphy, the section foreman, the lot foreman and the union steward.

As Joe approached them he heard Murphy saying, "He told me



he could handle it so naturally I let him do it." He broke off as Joe came up to the group.

"Did you want me, Mr. Murphy?" Joe could see the little gouged places around the mantel and sides of the fireplace.

"Yes, Nelson," Murphy faced him wearily. "Why didn't you consult the instructions when you built this fireplace?"

There was nothing defensive in Joe's voice. He merely stated a fact. "I didn't need them."

"I'm afraid you did, Nelson."

"There's nothing wrong with that fireplace, Mr. Murphy."

"Nothing," Murphy sighed, "except that it won't come apart." He stepped closer to the carpenter. "I've had a lot of patience with you Nelson, trying to make you understand how things must be done here, but you won't listen." He turned toward one of the wreckers standing nearby. "Let me have that crowbar."

The other men were silent as the wrecker handed him the long, heavy instrument. Murphy plunged it in between the mantel and the wall.

When he had wedged it in far enough to get leverage, Murphy bore down with his full weight. Slowly and painfully the entire mantelpiece groaned away from the wall, the nails reluctantly giving up their grasp on the good flats comprising the room. But the mantel still remained intact.

Joe watched as his craftsmanship was exposed. The patience, the skill Joe had expended that night had obviously created a beautiful, perfectly built fireplace, one that would never lose its dignity. But in the eyes of the foremen it was a gross error.

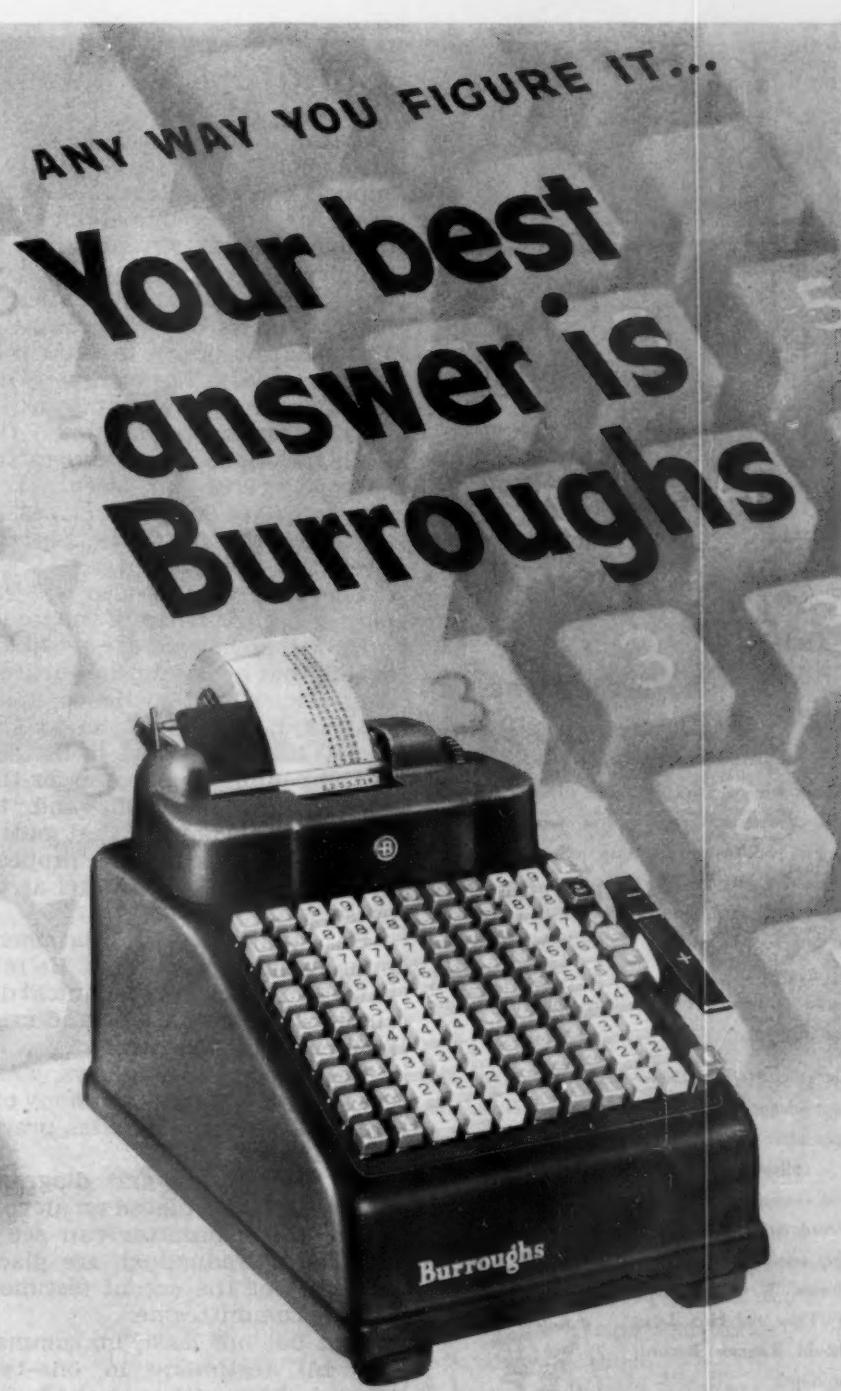
JOE stood straight under Murphy's sad regard. "I don't see how you're ever going to fit in here, Nelson. These delays cost money and my budget won't allow it." Joe slowly bent to pick up his toolbox as Murphy went on. "Either you make up your mind to do things our way or I'll have to ask you to turn in your card and pick up the pay you've got coming."

The purification of anger had left Joe calm.

"I'll turn in my card, Mr. Murphy," he said.

Clutching the sweat-wet handle of the toolbox, Joe turned and walked off the set, past the aborted pieces of wall, the windows gaping at the meaningless toil of modern men.

He was in a hurry to get back to work.



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Congress Will Listen if the Story's Good

(Continued from page 45)
ate Labor Committee to testify in support of a basic labor law. As he read his prepared statement, he obviously had a chip on his shoulder. His voice crackled. Sentence after sentence challenged his opponents on the committee. The senators began to show a bit of restlessness. The testimony had a noticeably belligerent tone.

The question period was a riot. Both questions and answers frequently veered far afield. Both sides engaged in personalities. In the end, little that was constructive was accomplished.

The good witness also will employ so-called "tricks of the trade."

He will go beyond the routine of saying that he is John Jones, president of such-and-such a company. Instead, he is careful to say that he has had experience in the field of the pending legislation, or that his trade association, and the country as a whole for that matter, has a vital stake in the proposed law. He states his reasons at the outset.

He makes his statements punchy—almost staccato. He relegates to an appendix technical discussions, legal citations and other incidental information.

He relates what he says, whenever possible, to the testimony of a previous witness. He cites practical examples.

He uses charts and diagrams. One big chart is placed on an easel where the committee can see it. Smaller reproductions are placed in copies of the actual testimony for the committeemen.

Last but not least, he summarizes his testimony in one-two-three fashion, either at the beginning or the end of his prepared statement. That avoids the recent situation where one senator noisily turned the pages of a manuscript trying to get heads or tails of it while the witness was talking. Concentration on developing a summary may help the witness better organize his own thinking!

Is a congressional witness a lobbyist?

No. But that answer needs qualification.

In 1946, Congress passed the Legislative Reorganization Act which included a little-debated section called, "Regulation of Lobbying Act."

The lobby sections, simply described, call on lobbyists to report

their income and expenditures and to identify for the record legislation which they support or oppose. The statute contains no simple definition of a lobbyist. The law does say, however, that the Act applies to "persons" who receive money "to be used principally to aid, or the principal purpose of which person is to aid, in the accomplishment" of passage or defeat of legislation, or to aid in the influencing of either of those results.

Another section excludes the giving of testimony before a congressional committee. It says:

"The provisions [of the registration sections] shall not apply to any person who merely appears before a committee of Congress of the United States in support of or opposition to legislation."

The law has reached a court or two, but no definite decision has been reached on many questions that it raises.

If a businessman who testifies does nothing else to support final enactment of a bill, it seems clear that he is not covered by the Act. But if he goes home and turns on the mimeograph machine with an appeal to friends and business associates to "write your congressman" his status is not clear.

Not even businessmen and their representatives who "lobbied" five years ago to make the Lobby Act as clear as possible, can tell you precisely what to do.

But in any event, the citizen retains his right of petition. No law will take that away. He not only can but should express his views on major national issues to those who make the laws.



General Early Is Paid Off

Maryland city finally
cleans up debt left
by ransom in 1864

THE War Between the States finally will end for Frederick, Md., this month. On the morning of July 9, 1864, Lt. Gen. Jubal Early led a Confederate Army into the town. He gave Mayor William G. Cole the choice of digging up \$200,000 in cash or seeing his peaceful little city some 40 miles from Washington burned down.

The ransom was a staggering sum. The city's corporate tax yielded only \$8,000 a year. Combined capital of the city's five banks totaled only \$893,000.

The mayor, aldermen and other citizens conferred hurriedly with the bankers. The latter agreed to pay the \$200,000, and the citizens agreed to reimburse them.

They have been working at it ever since.

Some \$123,000 of the "bank bonds," as the ransom was earmarked, were still outstanding when the city's municipal debt was refinanced in 1916. Estimates are that about \$3,000 are included in the debt to be retired this year. Aubrey Nicodemus, city registrar and tax collector, estimates that Frederick actually has paid about \$600,000 in principal and interest.

Several times, the last in 1913, Frederick sought reimbursement from the federal Government. They pointed out that General Early and his staff spent several hours in the negotiations in Frederick—a delay which, they said, enabled General Lew Wallace to deploy along the Monocacy River and fight a delaying action while troops hurried up from near Richmond. This delay is credited with saving the city of Washington from invasion.

Congress refused the plea.

Even with the bonds paid, Frederick probably will continue to observe July 9 with a pageant, "Fighting for Time," staged by the Junior Chamber of Commerce commemorating the Early visit.

And, statisticians who like such figures will consider the fact that Frederick's per capita debt as a result of the Early visit was \$25. Per capita national debt today is about \$1,700 and still growing.

—HAROLD B. SAY



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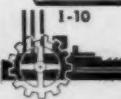
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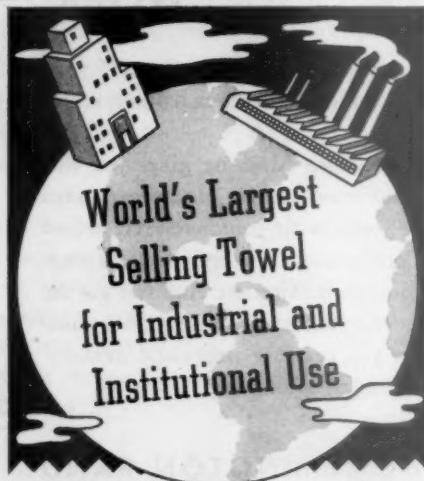
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When Kids Come in the Fires Go Out

(Continued from page 48)

The program was launched in 1944 by Chief Engineer John H. Alderson.

Spurred by the city's swift growth and mounting fire dangers, he had been searching for a way to get the need for increased vigilance over to the people.

His department lacked both the legal power and the personnel to go into every home and inspect for fire hazards. Yet it was in the homes that the greatest peril lurked.

Alderson decided to draft the kids. They would give the fire department the entrée it needed and the manpower as well.

Today the activities of the junior fire fighters—sponsored jointly by the schools, fire department and Junior Chamber of Commerce—reach out over 433 square miles, as far south as San Pedro. They require the full-time supervision of a "school detail" of six fire inspectors, all veteran fire fighters, headed by 43-year-old Capt. Edgar B. Clemens.

Los Angeles concentrates on the fifth and sixth graders. These youngsters, the fire department has found, are old enough to absorb what they are being taught and to do something about it, yet not so old as to be cynical. Moreover, says Clemens, they are at just the right age to be impressed by the glamour of firemen.

If junior fire-fighting has accomplished nothing else in L.A., it has restored the local fireman to his rightful place as the kids' favorite hero.

Several times during the year, Clemens' inspectors visit each of 338 schools. They lecture on fire prevention, show movies of common hazards and hand out junior firemen's badges.

This keeps the inspectors on the run. "From September to June, I lose about ten pounds," sighed Inspector Walter Chartrand. "It's a terrific job."

With springtime comes the annual hazard correction drive. Every boy and girl who turns in five corrections receives a junior inspector's badge. Champion spotter of each school becomes a junior battalion chief. He goes to the annual junior fire fighters' picnic and rides around the park on a fire truck.

Top hazard spotter of the entire city becomes chief engineer of the

junior department. He and seven runners-up receive gold-plated badges at a formal ceremony in Alderson's office. Then they eat a fancy lunch at a hotel, get a ride up Hill Street on the aerial ladder truck with sirens open and hop off a brick wall into a firemen's net. Finally, they are delivered, breathless, to their homes in the chief's shiny red sedan.

Last year's junior chief turned in 229 hazard corrections. All-time champ of L.A.'s eager young fire fighters was the ten-year-old daughter of a garageman who rang up 900 corrections. She lived in a large apartment house and didn't miss a single lamp cord or oily rag in each one of the apartments.

After that, she invaded her dad's garage and caused a virtual suspension of business until he had cleaned up every hazard to her satisfaction.

Occasionally, though, a youngster will miss the point. One lad turned in a report reading as follows:

"Hazard: Baby passed finger through candle flame."

"Correction: Mother told baby to stop."

Another handed his teacher the following report of his hazard-correcting activities:

"Put out cigarette butt at First and Western. Put out cigarette butt at Second and Western. Put out cigarette butt at Third and Western."

Occasionally, too, some resident will squawk at the idea of a "junior Gestapo" snooping through his house in search of fire hazards. But this doesn't happen often. One reason is that thousands of people were tuned in one day when the fire department broadcast directly from the scene of a big fire.

The blaze had started from a defective incinerator—the type of thing every junior fireman is trained to spot.

As the announcer interviewed one witness, a boy who happened to be a junior fireman kept trying to break in.

"Hey, mister," he insisted, sidling up to the microphone. But the announcer ignored him.

A few minutes later . . . "Hey, mister!" Still the boy went unheeded. Finally there was a momentary break in the proceedings. The lad elbowed his way to the mike and shouted, loud enough

to be heard over the crackling flames:

"I wanted to inspect that house but they threw me out!"

In at least one other instance, however, junior firemen did manage to save the day—and made heroes out of themselves.

Two young fire fighters spied a blaze starting up in a house inhabited by a crippled woman. While one boy sprinted off to call the fire department, the other turned a garden hose on the flames and held them in check until the firemen arrived to save both the house and its occupant.

Occurrences like these—and the reassuring spectacle of a huge, congested city holding its own in the perpetual fight against fire—have proved that the junior fire fighters are worthy assets. This was illustrated not long ago at a civic club luncheon in Los Angeles where Inspector Chartrand of the school detail appeared to explain the work of the junior fire fighters. He took one of the youngsters along as Exhibit A.

"You pay a lot of money for fire protection," Chartrand told the club. "But do you know—" and here he turned to the president of the organization, "—do you know, for example, how to turn in a fire alarm?"

"Well," the president said hesitantly, "I'd break the glass. Then—"

He stopped, and started over.

"Well, I'd break the glass—"

He stopped again.

"Gosh! Darned if I know!"

Chartrand turned confidently to the junior fire fighter, who, in his eagerness to answer the question, had been squirming like a pup in its Saturday bath.

"O.K., son," said Chartrand, "what would you do?"

"I'd run to the nearest box, break the glass, pull the lever and then wait."

"Why would you wait?"

"The firemen might not know where the fire was. I'd wait 'til they arrived and tell 'em."

"Is that what you're teaching my kids?" demanded the president.

"Yup," said Chartrand.

"Well," said the president, giving the table an emphatic thump, "I'm all for it."

So are thousands of other American parents and householders. They realize that there are human lives and dollars and not mere words involved in the slogan of the junior fire fighters: "But for a child, your home might have burned."

"YES"

If you answer YES to any of these Questions ...

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4 Do you ever get "busy signals" when you call other departments?		



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Bold for the Future; Proud of the Past

(Continued from page 31)
lems runs through his sermons.

"The atom bomb and big armies are not signs of the world's strength—they represent weakness. They mean we have not yet learned the fundamental teaching of Christ—to love God and love our neighbor."

Over at the Christian church, where a \$40,000 Christian Service Center has just been created in the basement, big Frank Marler lashes out regularly at immorality in government and finds his texts in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the writings of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Wilson as well as in The Book. The Rev. Mr. Marler left his Tennessee pulpit early in World War II to serve with a British ambulance unit, and followed General Montgomery across Egypt and Africa and into Europe. He tried being in business for a while after the war and liked it, but returned to the ministry "because the major threat to our freedom is moral decay."

Bruland and Marler are united with other Protestant ministers in an association which sponsors union services at Easter time and stages a special program annually honoring the pastor and congregation of our little African Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Rev. Lambert Heinen of St. Mary's Catholic Church has under study a building program to match attendance at his services.

Bud Bonwell, the high school coach, goes to church, and so does Bob Glenn, the young state highway patrolman who has headquarters in Albia.

Boys follow them—hero worship works for the Lord.

And we talk about the sermons as well as the weather and crops and Ray Swenson's introduction of self-service to his variety store customers.

WE EAT breakfast, and most of us go home for lunch. Nearness of home to place of work pays dividends in family unity. Dads, mothers and children are strengthened in spiritual and cultural security through regular daily associations. They find it easier, as a result, to work and play together.

A family membership in the Albia Country Club costs \$36 a season (inflation brought a \$5

boost in 1951) and it means just that, folks take the kids along and there's a regular schedule of events in which all may participate.

We go for education. This spring Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Weeber—he's a pop manufacturer—saw two of their sons graduated from college as doctors and one graduated from high school.

We're pushovers for boy-meets-girl and babies. Weddings are usually community affairs. When Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson adopted a baby, teachers at Grant School, where John is custodian, tossed a stork shower—for John.

SECURITY is threaded through the entire fabric of rural living. I find little fear among my neighbors.

They are not afraid of big government . . . they are not afraid, period . . . of Communism, of Socialism, of the atom bomb or of the prospects for peace. That doesn't mean they do not recognize the dangers of regimentation, graft in state and national government, and continuing war. But there's a feeling, more and more apparent, that if we grow better than we've been as citizens, as families, as a community, the results will spread.

WE'RE a sentimental people—but not highly emotional. Our reactions to national controversy in the fields of politics and economics do not jell quickly, but they finally come to a solid setting.

Sometimes our slow, studied responses irritate us. Early in the summer the Chamber of Commerce, Farm Bureau and City Council became involved in a polite, soft-spoken debate on solutions for the downtown parking problem.

After several weeks of little public reaction for or against the proposals, Chamber of Commerce President Ed Agans commented:

"I just wish people would get mad, and I don't care which way."

GO OUT to the hinterlands, said Senator Tobey, and find the real America.

And here it is. It is an America based on respect for individual dignity, protection of human rights, and love. Because we live with one another, living for one another is easy.

The Man with the Answers

(Continued from page 54)
his business and the messiahs it had spawned. It was a natural but bewildering process.

Coons took a long, steady look and saw what was happening. While he himself knew the need for specialists of all kinds, he nevertheless felt that the average business executive was not getting all he might out of his special advisers and consultants. Most businessmen had come up via certain routes; one who knew advertising, for example, could get the maximum out of an advertising agency, but one who didn't know advertising could not. Coons reviewed his equipment and found he had learned a great deal about most of the specialties which were being offered the businessman.

The more he thought about it, the more he believed that his predilection was for personal service. He knew what it was to operate a big business, what it was to meet a payroll, and what it was to operate an idea factory. He knew that public relations was not a problem if business did things right in the first place and that good public relations did not always mean names in the papers. He felt that advertising could be made more effective, that the findings of research often were not properly applied, and that the specialist was not being used with maximum effect.

It was then that Coons realized big businessmen were saying, more and more wistfully, "If I only had the time!" Could he, Sheldon Coons, make a profession out of taking on the problems the businessman didn't have time to work out thoroughly? He decided he could.

It has been 11 years now and Coons has clung tenaciously to his original concepts. He still feels that if he only helps the businessman get the most out of his specialists, he is making a worthwhile contribution, although in the passage of the years his activity has spread into every phase of general management. Likewise, he feels that his detachment enables him to demonstrate successfully that the answers to many business problems lie in facilities which are available for the asking.

Coons' approach to present day problems is so fundamental and uncluttered that it is almost disarming at times. His faith in the continuing miracle of America, for

example, is boundless. He felt long ago that labor was a thrust from below which had to be recognized, and he still feels that while labor should not be treated with paternalism it nevertheless is entitled to what he calls "the amenities."

Coons worries more and more about businessmen who are asking themselves, "What's the point of it all?" It concerns him, too, to know that there is an enormous amount of soul-searching going on among employes who are not made to feel that they are a part of the team and consequently are wondering if perhaps they wouldn't be better off with a little business of their own.

Because Coons feels so strongly that no company can remain aloof from either its own personnel or its customers, he spends a great deal of his own time in the field and makes a special effort to point out to his clients that "there is no such thing as ivory tower ownership or profits unwon except in oil wells and gold mines." He is convinced that the average executive can learn much more about his company by going into the field than by remaining in the home office.

Coons is especially pained by the businessman who is out for a quick profit, and he feels that the latter has contributed to a growing disillusionment among buyers. After the war, for example, people couldn't get what had been promised them. When they did get it finally, much of it was overpriced and of poor quality. Coons thinks it is more than an enchantment with foreign labels that makes Americans buy imported products.

"Why do we believe in British goods?" he asked not long ago. "Because the British are still making good products. American business is losing sight of what it is trying to satisfy people with because of its rush to satisfy them in the first place."

Most of all, he is disturbed by the increasing tendency of business to do easy things the hard way.

"I wish we would take a fresh look," he said recently. "The genius of America is in finding new ways to make more and better products. It's really not hard at all. Like Will Rogers said, 'Traffic jams are caused by plumbers going back for their tools.'"

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Out of Jungles Come Millions

By JAMES JOSEPH

A CASUAL visitor to the Navy's Seabee repair base at Port Hueneme, Calif., might easily think the personnel at that station had taken leave of their senses.

He'd see shop crewmen doing what they call "exercising" 200 tons of heavy construction equipment—bulldozers, cranes, road scrapers and 10-wheel trucks—all being driven around the area at what appeared to be an aimless gallop.

He'd soon learn, however, that very little activity was unintentional or even unrehearsed. All of it is calculated to save taxpayers an estimated \$12,700,000. That represents what would be the cost of replacing this machinery at current market prices—because all of it is at least six years old.

In the frenzied scramble of mustering out after the war, the Seabees, along with other troops, fled South Pacific islands. Construction machinery of every type was abandoned to rust and ruin. Jettisoned to the jungles were such items as 22-ton bulldozers, steel-jawed shovels and giraffe-necked cranes.

By 1949, the Navy's Bureau of Yards and Docks, which has jurisdiction over Seabee construction equipment, was singing the budget blues. Then someone remembered those abandoned Pacific junkpiles. That started what Port Hueneme men describe in race track jargon as "the richest reclaiming race" in construction equipment history.

Reactivated Seabee battalions, fast forming under the impetus of accelerated national defense, were screaming for equipment. Navy men began comparing postwar equipment prices with those of a decade earlier. A 22-ton bulldozer that had cost \$10,000 now cost \$23,000. Almost every other piece of equipment had doubled, sometimes tripled in price.

Equipment scratched off as "expendable" from 1941-45 suddenly became "strategic" in 1949-51. The Navy, eyeing its Pacific stockpiles, thought it saw a way to re-equip Seabee battalions, and at cut-rates.

Work crews, picking up after the fleeting Seabees, had taken as many machines as they could find from encroaching jungles on Saipan, Bougainville, Tulagi and other South Pacific islands. What was left of the big machines when sweating salvagers got to them had been hoisted aboard ships and transported to advanced Seabee bases on Guam and at Pearl Harbor.

The Bureau of Yards and Docks called in its equipment experts, told them, "Get out to Guam and Pearl and see what's worth rehabilitating."

A six-man appraisal team, headed by Comdr. F. L. Biggs, left for the Pacific area early in 1949. For



WESTERN ROUND-UP
Inspection determines what can be repaired

six weeks they paced between endless rows of big earth-moving machines. The appraisers had come armed with but one yardstick for evaluation: if a machine could be repaired and put in "like new" condition for 30 per cent or less of current replacement cost, then it was to be repatriated. If not, it was to be sold for scrap, cannibalized for usable parts or sold as surplus.

The appraisers didn't bother to lift a hood; preliminary inspection already had confirmed that every engine would have to be replaced or overhauled.

Almost robot-like, appraisers stopped before each machine, gave it a quick once-over, then signaled their decision to a Seabee detail which trudged behind, carrying paint and brushes. A raised hand meant, "Ship her Stateside." Thumbs down, "Scrap her." On each machine destined for repatriation, the detail splotched a vivid yellow "H," which meant: "Destination, Port Hueneme."

Some 2,200 pieces of heavy equipment were culled out of rusting stockpiles and assigned stateside for repair. Shops on Guam and at Pearl Harbor weren't equipped to tackle the massive, 300,000-ton repair job. So Hueneme, from which much of the gear had embarked in the hectic days following the Jap sneak attack, was chosen as rehabilitation site.

The Navy's somewhat belated rush to reclaim its "rollback material" was spurred by a section of a public law that provided that proceeds from surplus sales of Seabee equipment would divert to the

Navy's fund for new-equipment purchase, and not into general government coffers.

Some equipment, found unrepairable on more careful inspection at Hueneme, has been sold as surplus, pouring \$4,000,000 into the Navy's new-equipment kitty. The Navy figures that its expenditure of \$2,960,000 has saved the taxpayers \$12,700,000 under current replacement prices. In short, a 60-80 per cent savings on today's inflated market. Economy proved the only sound prescription for the Navy's budget problem.

The first of 50 shiploads of repatriated construction machinery docked at Port Hueneme just three months after the initial appraisal. Army service vessels, returning nearly empty from Japan, brought it back, transportation free.

Hoisted from the hold of that first ship and gently lowered to the Hueneme dock were 200 pieces of equipment, forerunner of 300,000 tons to come. On hand were nervous field men from the Department of Agriculture who, fearful of island pests, ordered each machine bathed in live steam before setting a rusted track on U. S. soil. One by one the machines were stripped down, run through Hueneme's 200-man repair shops, and restored to original condition.

"We aren't giving our reactivated construction battalions used equipment," emphasizes Capt. H. P. Needham, commanding officer of the Hueneme Construction Battalion Center. "This stuff is good as new."

While the bulk of the repair work is being done by the Navy's civilian employees, at least one private contractor, Caterpillar Tractor's big Los Angeles franchise, Shepherd Tractor and Equipment Company, landed a \$1,500,000 con-

tract to put 228 pieces of heavy diesized machinery in shape. Shepherd's overhauling job is said to represent a savings of \$2,500,000 under current replacement prices.

A score of parts' manufacturers also are getting in on the work. But astronomical parts demands have brought a frantic "Take it easy!" from suppliers.

Although rehabilitation is 70 per cent finished and scheduled for completion by mid-1952, some 200 acres at Hueneme are still strewn with war-weary machines. There are hundreds of rusty ambulances, their red crosses faded, the smell of medication still clinging to their interiors. There are road graders by the hundred, dimly stenciled with "Military Gov't—Marshall Islands," or "40th Battalion"—the Seabee outfit which worked on Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides.

There are jeeps enough to stock a score of used-car lots. Some have wheels askew, their punctured tires hanging from the rims. On a big diesel shovel, its 30-foot boom prostrate on the ground, a Seabee had scrawled: "5th Bat. Samoa-1942." It was in February of that year that the first Seabee battalions had embarked from the West Coast—and the 5th had landed on Samoa.

Penciled on a road scraper cab is "Guadalcanal, 1943." There are midget airborne bulldozers that were parachuted behind enemy lines.

"If those machines could only talk," mused Comdr. E. S. Hobson, who was officer in charge of the advanced base construction depot on Guam from 1945-46, and also a member of the appraisal team.

Meanwhile, massive earth-movers, once broken and deformed, emerge revitalized from Hueneme's paint shops. Except that each is stenciled with a yellow dot, the caste mark for "rebuilt," they look good as new. And they are, say Navy mechanical engineers.

Once equipment is repaired, rigorous monthly exercising is prescribed to restore them to mechanical good health until assignment to reactivated Seabee battalions. Big cranes exercise by methodically lifting 20-ton anchors—to flex their steel cables. Bulldozers rumble around like fly-bothered elephants. Blunt-nosed road graders push aside mountains of rubble—just for practice.

But a Seabee officer, remembering what was once the world's proudest construction fleet, shakes his head sadly and laments, "It's all just a drop in the bucket."



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September 1st—Truly sage advice is Reinhold Neibuhr's: 'God grant me the Serenity To accept the things I cannot change; The Courage to change the things I can And the Wisdom to Know the difference.'

September 4th—Would that I could afford legal talent know to decipher the Reams of new Government regulations, deputations and rulings.

September 9th—Comes an epistle from one Jack Prins, wherein he assay my diary as "having the pip, rather than Peppy." I can answer but Two things: I shall endeavor to Improve it, and, there be no Compulsion that he read it.

September 12th—The huge quantity we supply the government for the Defense Effort causes me to ponder if the collective brain be Equal to the collective Posterior.

September 15th—Ben Kramer on this Day 25 years ago did Enter my Employ to give of his Loyal, Capable and Conscientious service. Of Greater satisfaction is the Knowledge that his many New York Patrons share in this Appraisal.

September 19th—It was Thoreau who had said, "I had three Chairs in my house; one for Solitude, two for Friendship, three for Society." Had he known of my Royal chairs of Steel, he might have added, "and thousands for the satisfaction of Patrons."

September 23rd—The National Stationer's Association this Week meets in Chicago, to which come my dealers in Office Furniture from Near and Far. In Fewe pursuits does one find men of greater Integrity and Dependability than these goode friends.

September 26th—My natal day. To my shoppe and later to my club to find the World turns on its axis unimpressed by the important anniversary that has befallen me.

September 30th—Lay abed late pondering the subject on Knowledge. In sagelike self-rectitude concluded that knowledge means Little until applied; 'tis oft forgot unless Applied.

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Soil Conservation by Air

IN A SMALL airplane 1,000 feet above the rolling fields of Muskingum County, Ohio, three passengers gaped and gazed. Each time large white numbers on the grounds were spotted, the pilot banked the craft sharply and yelled over his shoulder.

His guests rifled through guide sheets in their hands, then gazed fixedly below, nudged each other and pointed.

After 20 minutes of this the plane landed at Zanesville airport where more passengers waited to take their places. As the oldest of the three stepped out, he said:

"By George, I've been looking at those fields of mine for 50 years, but this is the first time I've seen 'em the way God does!"

The following week on his farm, he was planting locust trees on gullies he had seen from the air. He had known about the gullies, but never had realized what eyesores they were in contrast to the nearby lush Ohio landscape. The short flight had convinced him of the need of taking care of a problem he'd passed by for years.

His reaction is only one of many similar ones reported from conservation air tours now held annually in a dozen farm-belt states. No device does a faster job of pointing up the essential interdependence of neighbor upon neighbor—community on community. At a swift glance, it shows where the farmer on the hill is affecting his neighbor on the lowland.

Pennsylvania agriculture students saw this relationship last fall on their first flight. Fields in their own valley bottom were nicely cropped on the contour; had sod waterways to check normal forces of erosion. But a telltale streak of rainwashed soil ran across the well tended land, winding up to the valley head where one farmer still maintained his ancient square fields under old-fashioned up and downhill cultivation. It was an object lesson in the need of working for the common good, even on farms miles apart.

While conservation flights were designed primarily for farmers, they have a strong attraction for the public. Farmers welcome the chance to gain an appreciation of their efforts and problems from the city folk.

While tourist planes are in the air, things step right along on the

ground. In the ordinary ground schedule, demonstrations of farming practices start off the proceedings. These are followed by movies in a hangar, showing soil conservation, fish and wildlife management. After an exhibition of farm implements, conservationists give talks on effects of rainfall; how to manage alfalfa; how to make a diversion terrace. While plane engines are being warmed up, another scientist speaks briefly on aerial spraying and dusting. Then, the crowd actually sees the planes in action over a test plot at one end of the field.

The National Flying Farmers Association generally is credited with originating the "air soil tour" idea at Stillwater, Okla.

Soil conservation districts and the Soil Conservation Service were quick to see its merits and have been joined by numerous community service organizations and schools.

The movement spread to Texas; leaped to Ohio, to Wisconsin and then to a few spots in the East. It has come to maturity in breadbaskets of the Midwest and Southwest.

The exhibit areas to be observed are marked out on the ground with ten or 12-foot white-limed numbers which are keyed to a guide map for the tourists.

A prime source of aid in running a tour is the local soil conservation district. The more than 2,300 districts in the United States have the technical assistance of the Soil Conservation Service men at their finger tips and have ties with most of the farms and many of the farm businessmen in their respective regions.

Following his initial flying tour, a county auditor said. "I never realized there is so much difference between the farms on which I have the responsibility of assessing taxes." And a farmer remarked, "I sure could see how that back 40 of mine is eroded."

Sociology students have used air tours as a means of examining the industrial - residential - business patterns of cities. Forest associations are studying the wilderness in classrooms on wings. Meanwhile, the aviation industry is pleased to watch the airplane's increasing power as a tool in shaping the destiny of the land.

—BERNHARD A. ROTH

Music for Salesmen

ONCE the lonely traveling man, in addition to his extra shirts and sample case, is supposed to have carried a little black book containing telephone numbers of people he might contact while in a strange town.

Luggage was heavy in those days. Trips were by train, by hack, on foot. Clothing was heavy. Shirts were difficult to get laundered on the road.

Today samples often are made of plastic and quite light.

So, at a good time comes the new idea for salesmen: Carry your favorite musical instrument with you! When evening comes you can dial some local number—announce yourself and your instrument—mention any music you may have with you—and ask what local groups are playing that night.

It began when Leonard A. Strauss, clothing manufacturer of Indianapolis, sent 15 letters to music-loving friends.

"Of recent years we've grown up in music," he said in effect. "All of us know and love various symphonies, thanks to phonograph records and the radio. But, many of us want to get back to playing music with our own fingers."

"That's where chamber music comes in. Any small group can handle it."

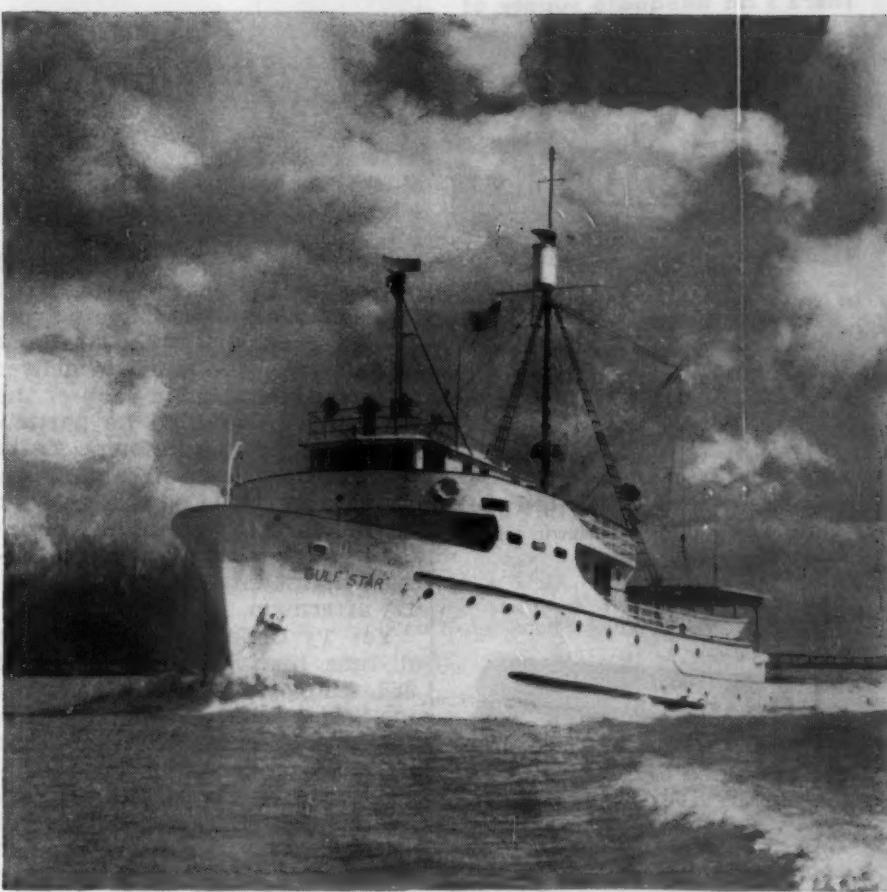
Chamber music is played primarily in a small room. It is usually for a quartet, but not necessarily so. Instruments may be strings or woodwinds. Because the music is informal, there actually can be almost any assortment of instruments.

Strauss knew that there is an extensive list of pieces in the field of chamber music. Already a directory of 2,000 amateur chamber musicians is in print. The activity is centered at the National Association of Amateur Chamber Music Players, the NAACMP, at 15 West 67th Street, New York 23.

Members are for the most part people who live at home and can be reached by telephone.

What an evening of music will do to a traveling man's sleep, his sales curve, his longer life and happiness, no one yet attempts to predict.

—FRED B. BARTON

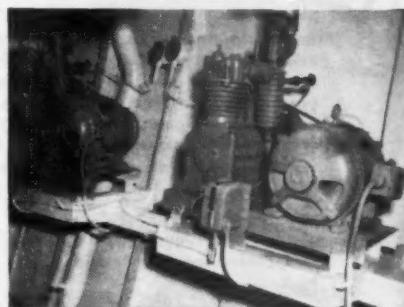


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All Who Glitter Are Not Gold

(Continued from page 34)

This is not to imply that great stars seldom rise to the occasion when the big chips are down. Ruth hit more homers, proportionately, in the World Series than he did during the regular season. Lou Gehrig's cumulative batting average for seven Series was .361. Hank Greenberg never failed to deliver at least one homer in each of the four Series in which he participated. Charley Ruffing, Lefty Gomez, Carl Hubbell and Dizzy Dean covered the opposition with as much frustration in Series games as they did in routine pitching assignments on a quiet Monday afternoon.

Yet Ty Cobb, possessor of the all-time high batting average of .367, hit better than .300 in only one Series, and he had to get four hits in one game to reach that mark. After pitching three consecutive shutouts in 1905, Christy Mathewson thereafter lost five of his next seven Series starts. The outstanding hitters in the business today are Ted Williams and Stan Musial, yet Williams in 1946 fouled up his side with a .200 average. Musial has been in four Series and hit more than .300 only once.

Considering the caliber of the players involved, the World Series has produced a great deal of very bad baseball. Every boner, blunder and brainstorm committed by rookies fresh out of the deepest bush has been seen in Series competition, and small wonder. There is something terrifying in the realization that every action and gesture is being relayed to millions of people by the newspapers, radio and now television.

When Tony Lazzeri died a few years ago, some obituaries did not even mention in passing that he had been a second baseman with few peers and a consistent .330 hitter on six pennant winners. All the accounts harped on one episode, how Grover Cleveland Alexander struck him out with the bases filled in the 1926 Series. Few commentators bothered to recall that the second strike on Lazzeri was a savage line drive into the left-field seats that missed being a home run by three feet. Nor did many relate that in the identical situation 11 years later, Lazzeri responded with a homer, the second in Series history with the bases loaded.

As long as he lives, Mickey Owen

will be remembered for one play—his muff of a third strike in the fourth game of the 1941 Series. Had Owen squeezed the ball, the Dodgers would have beaten the Yankees, 4-3, and would have deadlocked the Series at two games all. But the ball got away from him and the Yankees, with a reprieve, went on to score four runs after the athletes should have been under the showers in the clubhouse.

Disappointed Brooklyn rooters, who blamed Owen for the loss of the Series, forgot that it was his first error in 105 consecutive games he had played.

Fans are not the only baseball nuts vastly impressed—or depressed—by the unexpected turnabouts that seem to pop up every October. Last year Eddie Sawyer, manager of the Phillies, confessed he had been thinking of Howard Ehmke when he confounded everyone by nominating Jim Konstanty, who had not started a major league game since May 13, 1946, to pitch the opener against the Yankees.

Ehmke was, indeed, someone to remember.

The capacity crowd at Wrigley Field on Oct. 8, 1929, the kickoff of the Series, thought Connie Mack had gone out of his mind when 35-year-old Ehmke was announced as the pitcher for the Athletics. Everyone assumed Mack would lead with one of his aces, Lefty Grove or George Earnshaw. Most people forgot that Ehmke was with the team.

Shrewd old Mack had Ehmke scouting the Cubs, studying the weaknesses and strengths of their



hitters, in preparation for his bombshell. He had a hunch that Ehmke's slow, breaking stuff would throw the Cubs, expecting to face the fireballing of Grove or Earnshaw, completely off stride and never did a bright idea pay more handsome dividends. Ehmke struck out 13 Cubs, the Series record, and did not yield a run until the ninth inning. That was his last gasp. He never won another game.

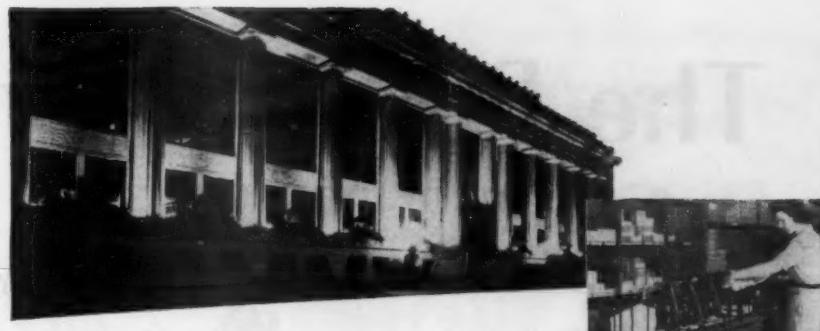
Most of the obscure entries who stole the Series were rookies who never amounted to much thereafter, or washed-up veterans with one convulsive effort left in their arms and legs. The one exception who used the Series as a springboard to future stardom was Pepper Martin, a hillbilly from the Ozarks who turned the 1931 Cardinals-Athletics Series upside down.

Pepper had hit .300 during the season, but he murdered Mack's pitching for a .500 average in the Series. It was his base-running, though, that threw a conniption fit into the A's. He stole five bases and the A's went to pieces against the team they had licked easily the previous year.

The only dark horse who has offered a technical explanation for his success is Casey Stengel, a notable specimen of the breed. Casey belted two game-winning home runs for the Giants in the 1923 Series, much to the astonishment of himself, the Yankees and his own colleagues. When John J. McGraw, the Giants' manager, recovered his composure, he wasted no time trading Casey to the Braves, then the patsies of the league.

"I was a pretty good hitter," Casey said recently, "but I was a bum compared to some guys on the Giants. I guess the Yankees sorta laughed me off when they went over our batting order before the rhubarb started. 'Throw this chump a nasty look and he'll faint,' they must've said. A pitcher can bear down just so many times during a game. He's got to save his Sunday stuff for the big shots and coast against the ribbon clerks. When the Yankees saw me come up they thought, 'Here's a humpty-dumpty,' and the pitcher eased up a little. If they'd worked on me like they did on Ross Young, George Kelly, Frank Frisch and the other muscle benders in our lineup, maybe I wouldn't have got a loud foul yet."

Casey smiled and winked elaborately. "I was lucky in more ways than one. If I'd hit three homers, McGraw might've sent me out of the country."



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The Palace Born of a Lily

By GAYLORD JOHNSON

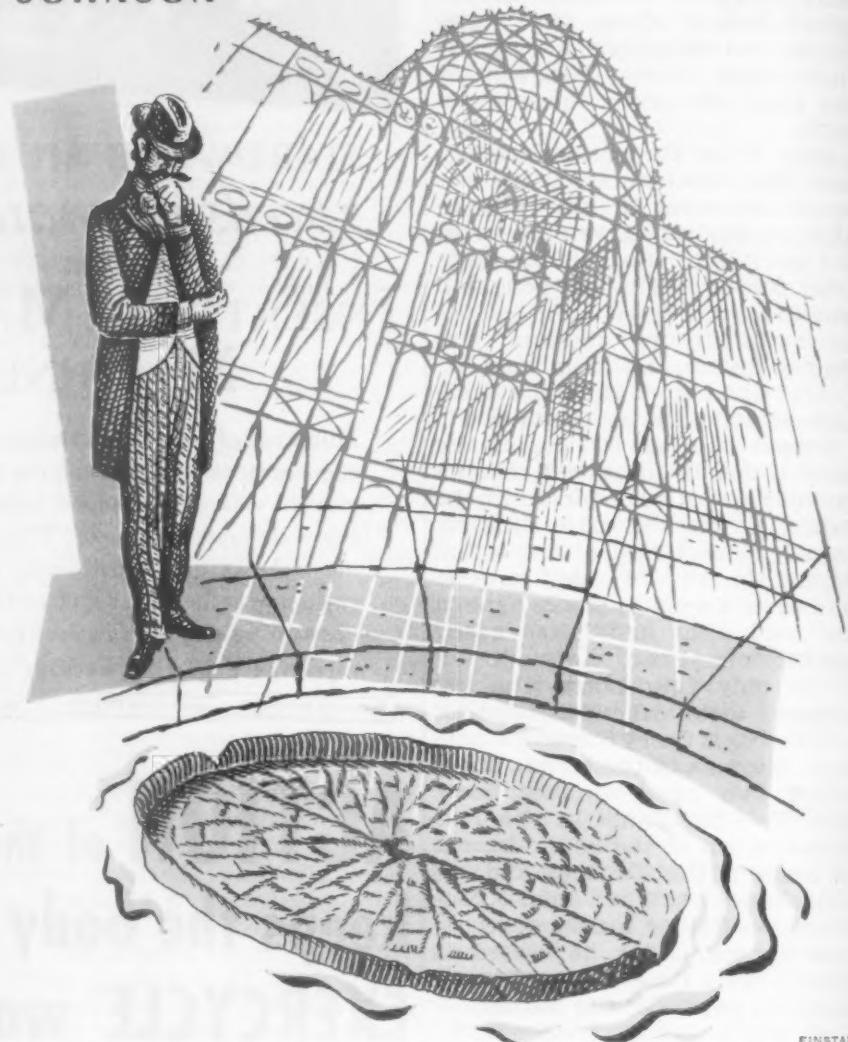
IF YOU went to the Festival of Britain last summer, you may have seen the original rough sketch for the famous Crystal Palace, built a century ago. Its designer, strange to say, was not an architect at all, but a gardener named Joseph Paxton. He outlined his idea on a piece of blotting paper, which has been reverently preserved. All through this year's exposition the crude sketch has been a show piece at the Victoria and Albert Museum, for the 1951 fair celebrated the centenary of the great Hyde Park exhibition, held in Paxton's pioneer glass-and-iron building.

Later, re-erected at Sydenham, the Crystal Palace served London's people for 85 years more. Fire ended its career in 1936; but it had proved the soundness of a type of architecture that is again being developed by some of our most "modern" builders.

One of them, F. R. Yerbury, has gone so far as to call the century-old Crystal Palace "the cradle of modernism!" Another, American Bruce Goff, has just used Paxton's wedged metal-and-glass concept in designing an ultramodern "Crystal Chapel" for the University of Oklahoma. For its skeleton, Goff is using aluminum instead of steel. Glass-and-steel buildings have, of course, long been routine for train sheds and factories, and variations are being made for office structures such as the United Nations building.

Modern buildings are now "functional"; their use dictates their design. Here again Paxton was out in front of his time. Yerbury points out that "he had no other thought in his mind than to produce an economic building to perform a practical function." He adds that "this is the case with most buildings that have had any lasting value."

Who was this gardener of 1851 who became the grandfather of modern functional building design? Where did he get his idea for the revolutionary metal-and-glass construction? What made him think of using standardized, interchangeable iron parts, and of running up the huge building on the



FINSTAD

speedy, assembly-line principle?

The amounts of material used would not be unimportant today. The original building covered 18 acres. (Today's Thames bank area is $27\frac{1}{2}$.) The ground plan was 450 by 1,851 feet. The structure was crossed at the middle by a transept with a rounded roof; its crest was 108 feet from the ground. The Palace called for more than 900,000 square feet of glass, in sheets 10 by 49 inches. The iron came in the form of 3,300 columns, 2,300 cast-iron girders, 358 wrought iron trusses, 202 miles of sash bar, and 30 miles of guttering tube. In addition, a canvas cover was made for the entire roof; this broke the sun's rays, and aided the roof's drainage.

How did Paxton get his original idea? Let the man himself speak across the years. He was reading a paper describing his design for the

building; his audience was the elite British Fine Arts Society. To illustrate the principle, Paxton had brought an immense leaf of the Brazilian water lily, *Victoria Regia*. It was five feet across. He held it up and pointed out that its underside is a beautiful example of structural engineering.

Its big two-inch radiating ribs are like cantilever girders; they are connected at right angles by smaller cross girders. The big and little network encloses hundreds of squarish areas. Green plant tissue fills them, thin as paper. Paxton visualized the green tissue replaced with panes of glass. "Nature," Paxton told his audience, "was the engineer. Nature provided this leaf with longitudinal and transverse girders and supports that I, borrowing from it, have adopted in this building."

But any practical man knows

that there was a great gulf to cross before the gardener's promising inspiration could become the completed Crystal Palace. The way the gulf was crossed is the best part of the story, for it tells about a fine friendship between two men.

If it had not been for the aid and encouragement given by William Spencer, Sixth Duke of Devonshire, there would have been no Crystal Palace and no eventual knighthood and fame for Paxton. In 1826, he was only a hard-working young assistant in the gardens of the British Horticultural Society—but blessed with what we should call a phenomenal I.Q. The Society's grounds adjoined those of Chatsworth, the millionaire Duke's favorite residence. Paxton's qualities soon attracted the Duke's attention and he made the boy head gardener of his Chatsworth estate.

From that time the story of the bachelor duke and his protégé reads like an Horatio Alger poor-boy - makes - good romance. We take it up at the point where *Victoria Regia*, the giant water lily, enters the picture. The part the plant played in the lives of these two friends made it seem almost like a personality; they called it "she"; let us follow suit.

A few years after her footwide blossoms and six-foot leaves were discovered floating on the Amazon, a package of the seeds reached the British botanical gardens at Kew. Estate managers asked for and planted some, but the tropical plants had never flowered in English pools. This news fired both the Duke and Paxton with ambition. Paxton exercised his skillful green thumbs to make the plant comfortable. A tank, 12 feet square and a yard deep, received five cart loads of earth for her bed. A little water wheel was made to run in the tank to imitate the river's current. She was to be kept tropically warm, too, and for that purpose a greenhouse had to be built over the tank.

In October her leaves were four feet in diameter; in early November a bud as big as a peach appeared; then more buds. On Nov. 13, Paxton presented a fully opened flower, and a five-foot leaf to Queen Victoria. The Duke invited distinguished guests to see Paxton's seven-year-old daughter stand upon one of the leaves to show its strength.

The plant began to produce more and more huge leaves and buds. During the next ten months Paxton was forced to enlarge the tank three times; the last one was

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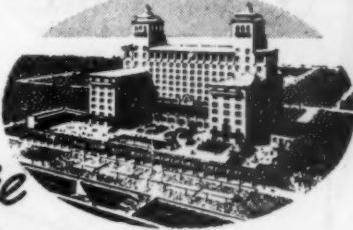
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33 feet in diameter. To keep her warm in winter called for a much bigger greenhouse. Paxton designed and built one of an entirely new type; it was 61 feet long by 49 feet wide, with a ridge-and-furrow roof—and it cost his employer 800 pounds.

Now we come to the most significant point: building this new lily house was Paxton's "rehearsal" for building the Crystal Palace. The supporting columns were cast hollow; they doubled as drain pipes for the water that collected in the ridge-and-furrow roof. These columns rested on sewer pipes that doubled as foundations. Even the slant of the panes in the roof was calculated so that the condensation on the inside would run down into the gutters, instead of dripping. When Paxton's big opportunity came, he was ready for it.

The circumstances which brought Paxton his life's opportunity were dramatic. The great exhibition's building committee, in tune with the international character of the show, had offered to consider plans from architects in all countries.

But every plan and proposal was rejected for one reason or another. Forced to find a plan of its own, the building committee produced what people called a monstrosity. It called for a sheet iron dome 45 feet bigger than St. Paul's. The structure required 15,000,000 bricks, which would have little

salvage value after the show; it would cost almost as much to remove as to build, and it couldn't stay in its original Hyde Park location.

At this point hysteria broke out and the London papers took it up. It was a black time for Prince Albert; he had suggested the international angle for the show; everybody blamed him for starting the trouble.

Then Paxton gave the harassed building committee a life saver. He had seen their plan in the papers—and had had a sudden vision of his lily house, enormously magnified, and set down in Hyde Park. He seized a desk blotter, sketched swiftly upon it; then told of the pioneering work he had already done. It would be simple to repeat it on a huge scale, he indicated.

The committee agreed; the Crystal Palace was over the hump at last. The name was the inspiration of one of *Punch's* editors.

The exhibition was opened on time by Victoria and Albert. The show was a brilliant success for six months; and the British had fallen in love with their Crystal Palace. It was removed from Hyde Park, but re-erected on Sydenham Hill. There it continued to be a London center of culture, art, industry and music until the 1936 fire.

At the end of the 1851 exhibition Paxton knelt before the Queen and heard her say, "Rise, Sir Joseph Paxton!"

You Are Richer Than You Think

(Continued from page 27) your wife's and children's benefits—gives them assured living quarters at little cost. And there is a way to pay off your mortgage in the event of your death—an inexpensive insurance policy called a "Mortgage Cancellation Contract" will pay it for you. Any insurance man will give you the details.

We have talked about the tremendous cash benefits of social security; and the wide coverage of the new law. There is one more important point: the new law currently makes it easy for many old people to collect benefits.

In a typical case, a man of 65 had 17 quarters of coverage. Under the old law he needed 18 quarters; couldn't collect a dime.

Under the new law, a man of 65 or more needs only six quarters of coverage to be eligible for benefits. He may be entitled to \$20,000 worth

of pensions by paying as little as \$81 in social security tax. Nearly 1,000,000 people have been added to the benefit list since last year through this six-quarter provision.

Even a 65-year-old man who has never had any social security credits may suddenly be covered under the new law. By working only 18 months after the new law went into effect—say until July 1, 1952—he becomes eligible to a pension for life. Or if he dies, his family is entitled to the death benefits.

A lawyer with a sense of humor has figured that this fact, together with several other little-known aspects of social security, make it possible to put one's mother-in-law on a paying basis. This is how it would work:

"As soon as the new law goes into effect," the lawyer says, "on Jan. 1, 1951, my mother-in-law is precisely 63½ years old. I hire her as

a baby sitter, pay her \$50 every three months, spread over 24 days. This brings her under coverage as a domestic—and nothing in the law forbids hiring an in-law as a servant.

"We continue the arrangement until July 1, 1952, by which time she has six quarters of coverage. She then quits and goes on the social security payroll for the rest of her life at \$20 a month. Total cost to the two of us: \$9 in social security tax, plus the \$300 I've paid her in wages. If I bought her a life annuity of \$20 at age 65, it would cost me about \$3,700."

This is, of course, a gag. But it is based on the facts of the law. The six-quarter coverage situation will hold only until June 30, 1954. Then it begins to go up every year until 1971 when it levels off at 40 quarters.

Another important point to know: Once you've reached 75, you may earn as much money as you

"Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom must, like men, undergo the fatigues of supporting it."

—Thomas Paine

can in covered or uncovered employment—and still collect your old-age benefits.

But no matter what your age, you can't collect social security without applying for it.

You may write or telephone for information (find the address from your local post office) or visit the office.

There are, at present, two ways of figuring your benefits under the old and new laws. Ask your local social security office to show you which way is best for you.

They'll even answer questions such as, "Can I change my beneficiaries?" (you can't; the law names the beneficiaries for you), usually asked by husbands who've quarreled with their wives; or, "Can I get an advance on my social security?" (The answer is no; it's insurance, but you can't borrow against it.)

They'll do all they can to help you, but, as one field man recently put it:

"Social security helps those who help themselves. You've got to take the trouble to know your rights and protect your benefits. And apply for your money."

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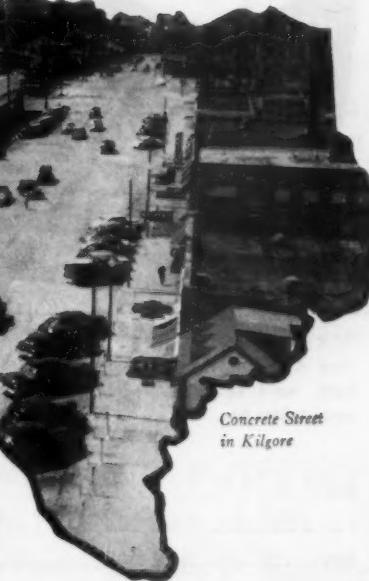
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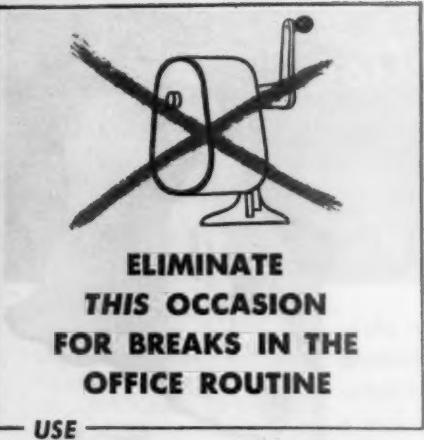
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Headaches Get 6,000 Greetings

(Continued from page 39)
called in a local engineering firm. The firm's men went over the hotel again, from bottom to top, and wound up scratching their heads. There was no break anywhere—yet thousands of gallons were leaking.

Here was a problem to test the mettle of the A.H.A. and its experts. The experts pondered awhile and then wired instructions. The hotel's engineer should wait until three or four a.m., when things were quiet, and then listen carefully with his ear against the cellar walls.

Sure enough, he soon came to the sound of running water. A pipe running through the wall was dumping water outside the hotel—far underground where it could be neither seen nor heard under ordinary circumstances.

A more common type of problem concerns the laundry. Just at what point in size can a hotel profitably start running its own laundry, instead of sending out its own work and its guests' bundles? Just by checking over a month or so of laundry slips, the A.H.A. experts can tell a hotel keeper the year, month and date on which the investment would be amortized.

Although the A.H.A. has a total budget of less than \$500,000 a year, it recently has been spending \$10,000 on a research project seeking better methods of cleaning carpets.

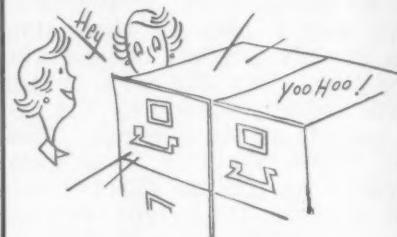
This amount of money, which may just be a start on the program, is of course much more than any single hotel could spend on such a thing.

Yet the possible returns are almost staggering to the imagination. If the nation's hotels, cooperating on this research program through the A.H.A., can add a single year to the life of the average hotel carpet, they will have saved \$35,000,000 a year.

If they add but a single week to the life of the carpet—a goal which the A.H.A. researchers consider ridiculously easy—they will have saved themselves nearly \$700,000 a year!

Offhand the carpet sounds like an insignificant part of the hotel business—and it was so considered until the A.H.A. came along. Today it is perhaps the best example of what the association is doing for the hotel industry—and presumably what active trade associations also can do for other industries.

If papers in file drawers could talk,
They'd speak to the girls, to remind 'em
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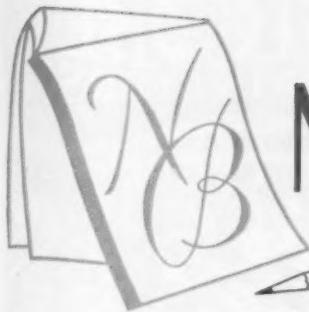
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NOTEBOOK

School for management

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, businessmen and Wittenberg College believe they have found the answer to industry's need for better trained supervisors and the small school's need for increased funds.

The method is a cooperative "Management Development Program" which educators call unique.

As worked out by Joseph C. Shouvelin, chairman of the Business-Industry Mobilization Council, a division of the Springfield Chamber of Commerce, and Chamber members, Lawrence E. Drum, International Harvester Company; Frank Zielsdorf, the Oliver Corporation, and Frank Kiper, the Ohio Steel Foundry; together with Dr. Clarence C. Stoughton, Wittenberg's president; foremen and other supervisory level employees of industry will take a special 40-hour college course in human relations, personal development, economics and company operations.

The course will last a week, during which the students will receive their regular salaries. The co-operating companies also will pay the men's tuition of about \$25,000—a sum which, incidentally, may keep the college from operating in the red in 1951-52.

Although 800 supervisors are scheduled to take the course the first year, the college has received 1,300 applications from 20 industries.

Incentives for vice presidents

ALTHOUGH corporation vice presidents have taken over the place mothers-in-law once held in national humor, they are, nonetheless, important in getting the country's work done and frequently today they are unhappy. So are the companies they serve.

Reason for the vp's unhappiness, as put in figures by Business Reports, Inc., is this:

"Today's \$25,000-a-year executive has only \$10,125 left in 1939 dollars after taxes; the \$50,000-a-

year executive has less than \$16,000 in 1939 dollars.

After keeping up the scale of living his job requires, he has little left to save for retirement. Actually, to have income at the age of 65 equal to half his present take-home pay, a 50-year-old executive must now save more than 46 per cent of his take-home pay.

The employers' unhappiness stems from this:

Many crack executives have discovered that they can build more wealth and family security as successful local dealers than as vice presidents.

To bring joy back into the picture, companies are developing new executive pay programs to attract and hold experienced men. Among these are qualified pension plans; deferred pay contracts; stock option plans; and commitments for income to widows and children.

Some companies are using combinations of several or all of these plans.

Meanwhile, the study points out, each dollar of business expense for which an executive is not reimbursed actually can cost him \$2—another difficulty that companies are working to solve.

Old folks want to work

THE older a man gets the better he likes to work, according to figures that were developed by the Northwestern National Life Insurance Company.

A survey of the company's male policy holders showed that 28 per cent of the men less than 40 would like to quit work altogether. But only 23 per cent of those between 40 and 49 want complete retirement, and only 20 per cent of those in the 50-59 bracket are willing to call it a day.

Nearly half of the older men, in fact—45 per cent—would like to keep on at their present jobs as long as they can "pull their weight." The rest would like to shift to some lighter occupation or

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money-making hobby, but they still want to be useful.

There is a sameness in their reasons for wanting action: "too many who retire are dead 12 months later," says a 52-year-old; "Tried to retire after the last war. Nearly went crazy," says a 60-year-old; another, same age, finds "Most of my friends who retire are poorly adjusted."

As a result of its findings the company suggests that, instead of the usual rigidity, flexibility is a vital need in the retirement income program of the average man, so that income payments can be "turned on" earlier than retirement age if needed, or postponed while his fund continues to build up as long as he is able and wishes to keep on at a gainful occupation.

Even Ramses had 'em

RAMSES, III, Egyptian pharaoh who lived some 3,100 years ago, and who hoped to be remembered after his death as a "great god," was in life beset by some very human problems, according to an ancient Egyptian office memorandum which William F. Edgerton, professor of Egyptology and chairman of the department of Oriental Languages at Chicago University, has just translated.

To establish his place in history, Ramses ordered himself a tomb in Luxor's "Valley of the Kings."

Soon the workmen struck "because of hunger and because of thirst . . ."

New type five percenter

"A DOLLAR wisely and soundly invested in worth-while educational, scientific and welfare activities comes back manyfold," is the theme of a booklet, "The Five Per Cent" written by Beardsley Rumel and Theodore Geiger for the National Planning Association. The title refers to the deduction from net earnings before taxes which corporations are permitted to make for expenditures on educational, scientific and welfare purposes.

The writers estimate that, if corporations actually spent the permissible five per cent of total net income, about \$2,200,000,000 would be available. As a result, they say, "Every American business, large or small, manufacturing or retailing, commercial or financial—would benefit directly and indirectly from the increased human knowledge, the improvement of living standards and relief of poverty and personal distress."

Furthermore such expenditures

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would "create a highly favorable atmosphere for the corporation within which its other business activities—for example, its sales promotion work and its labor relations—have a much better chance of being successful. Consumers, employees, suppliers, the public generally, are predisposed to look with friendly eyes on its activities, to be receptive to its products and services, to respond to its merchandising efforts because, by carrying out a constructive and dramatic five per cent program, it has successfully met the public's main tests of its social usefulness and good citizenship."

The opportunities for using the five per cent privilege have skyrocketed in 1951 because of the dramatic transformation which has occurred in the size of both corporate earnings and tax rates, the booklet says, and goes on to describe how several companies are accepting these opportunities.

Sales turnaround

SHOWING a customer how to use less of his company's product is not generally listed among the best ways for a salesman to get ahead. Yet, that is what salesmen for International Nickel are instructed to do today.

The reason is, of course, that the tremendous demand for nickel in defense production has limited the supply for civilian uses. As a result, the company is putting both its research facilities and its salesmen to work helping manufacturers adapt alloys containing less nickel.

The salesmen are well qualified to do this.

The market for nickel was built up in the period following World War I by persistent plugging in finding new uses for the metal and in getting them accepted in the civilian economy. In this process the company's salesmen won experience both as problem solvers and trouble-shooters—a realistic sort of knowledge that enabled one of them to show a customer recently how an alloy containing 70 per cent nickel could be successfully replaced in certain uses by a new combination using only 35 per cent nickel.

The company admits that this new sales approach is not completely altruistic:

"Interest is in keeping the wheels of industry turning under present conditions of emergency; we know that the healthier industry is, the more nickel it will absorb when conditions again become normal."



Remember when horses belonged to fire departments? Those sturdy steeds were noted for their spirit and dash. It was more than a decade before the last of them was turned out to pasture once the switch-over to a different kind of horsepower began.

You may get a kick out of talking about the good old days—and who doesn't? Just the same you're darn glad that your community is up to date when it comes to fighting fires and preventing them.

In dollars and lives saved, the worth of a good fire department can't be contested. Nevertheless, a good fire department—like safe streets, adequate parks and playgrounds and other municipal necessities—doesn't arrive just because one is needed. People have to recognize the need and then get busy.

But people alone don't make a better community. People working together do. That's where your chamber of commerce comes in. It's the rallying point for those who want a hand in shaping the good old days of tomorrow.

How about you? Are you ready to pitch in? If so, your chamber of commerce executives will tell you about membership.

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You've Got to Be FOR Something



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THREE'S an American opportunity awaiting you—a chance to take part in a great offensive designed to protect the enterprise system which today is on trial throughout the world.

As a businessman your part in this broad offensive may be as simple as correcting a minor grievance, a point of irritation, in your plant. Or it may be as big as a crusade. Clarence B. Randall, president of the Inland Steel Company, has the spirit of a crusader, and some sound advice for those who would join in the crusade. He gave it to an impressive audience of presidents of companies, board chairmen and other top-level business executives at a meeting in Chicago.

To Randall we may be fighting a rear-guard action, protecting the last zone from which a counterattack can be made on the opposers of our system. And all those who can gain listeners should tell the story of business to employees, stockholders, students, educators, clergymen, the mythical man in the street, he contends. For many of these hear different versions from other quarters. But go prepared, Randall advises. These are his words:

THREE is no use in building an expensive power line if you haven't got a generating station at the be-

ginning of it. The beginning of all communications is an idea. If the boss man hasn't got an idea, if there is nothing he understands and believes with clarity and deep conviction, he can get the best public relations consultant in the world and he will get nowhere explaining his business to his employes.

The thing we need first of all is clarity as to what it is we believe; then earnestness and depth of conviction. If we get to that point, the rest will come easily.

If you are going to explain business to your employes it is very important that you have an intelligent, positive idea of what our foreign policy should be, other than just invective against the Administration. Isn't it clear that what happens in Korea, or Berlin, or Iran can have more impact on your business during the next 12 months than anything you can do about it yourself? Don't forget that your employes' boys are doing the dying; and don't talk to them unless you know in your own mind what you think the United States should do, other than have an election.

The same is true in the field of domestic affairs. Do we in the business world really understand the economic problems of America today, such as inflation? Have you a clear idea of what inflation is,

other than the blankety-blank Washington Administration? You know that whatever the Administration does is wrong. You are committed to that.

But you can't be forever formulating your understanding of the American economy by opposing a particular administration. You've got to stop being against something. You've got to start being for something. Furthermore, when you talk with your employes, remember that they voted for this Administration, and you're not going to get very close to them with your profanity unless you have an understanding of America's problems.

Have you an opinion on controls? You don't like the controls in your business. That's clear. Do you want to take them all off? You had better think that one over. If you're going to be against controls, you have to be prepared for the consequences of taking them off.

When you start talking to your employes they'll ask you some questions, but it's no use talking to them until you have an answer. I don't care whether you have the right answer or not, as long as it's your answer; as long as it's held with integrity; as long as you can talk about it with your voice down and pleasant.

And what about the free enterprise system itself? What is there in it that you believe in? And why do you believe it? Just because it makes money for you? That's what the Communists are telling your workers, and that's why we're going toward socialism. Employes don't trust guys like you who have no interest in anything except in making money. You have to get above that.

No, the reason you believe in the enterprise system is that you are honestly convinced that it brings the greatest good to the greatest number of people.

And you have the whole world for your laboratory to demonstrate the truth.

THE conference in which Randall spoke so clearly is part of a pattern, part of that great offensive designed to preserve the system that is on trial. Elsewhere in the pattern are places where nearly every businessman, nearly every leader, can find his part. It gives directions on how that part may be taken, how you may assume your responsibility. It is the American Opportunity Program, sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

It is your American opportunity.